AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

EMBER

OLLYWOOD'S
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IN SEX

RIS DAY SAYS
ake Up and Live

LL HOLDEN'S
clusive Love Story

50 PRIZES
IN A PRESENT
ROM A STAR



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will look, feel and stay like the

loveliest naturally curly hair!



Hi . . . Does *your* wave look as soft and natural as the Lilt girl in our picture? No?

Then think how much *more* beautiful you can be, when you change to Lilt with its superior ingredients. You'll be admired by men . . . envied by women . . . a softer, more charming *you.* Because your Lilt will *look, feel* and *stay* like naturally curly hair.

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Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair! $1.50 plus tax



for hard-to-wave hair *for normal hair* *for easy-to-wave hair* *for children's hair*

New, better way to reduce decay after eating sweets

Always brush with ALL-NEW IPANA after eating . . . as the Linders do . . . the way most dentists recommend. New Ipana with WD-9 destroys tooth-decay bacteria.*





If you eat sweet treats (like Stasia Linder of Massapequa, N. Y., and her daughter Darryl), here's good news! You can do a far better job of preventing cavities by brushing after eating . . . and using remarkable new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why:

Mouth bacteria and their enzymes act on many foods you eat to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 now in Ipana is an active bacteria destroyer and anti-enzyme. Every brushing with Ipana destroys most decay bacteria, and blocks acids for hours. For best results, do this . . .

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Even if you can't always brush after eating, no other tooth paste has ever been proved better for protecting teeth than new Ipana with WD-9.

"Your family will love Ipana's new minty flavor, too," adds Mrs. Linder. And new Ipana foams better, cleans better than ever—makes your mouth so clean, in fact, that even *one* brushing can stop most bad breath all day long.

Try it yourself. Remember, while *no* dentifrice can stop all cavities—you *can* protect teeth after eating sweet foods by brushing with new Ipana. Get a tube today.

Try all-new IPANA®!

New taste, new cleaning, new anti-decay WD-9



PRODUCTS OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Ipana A/C (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains anti-enzyme WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate)

***Tests prove new Ipana with WD-9 destroys most bacteria with one brushing.**



AFTER EATING—Tooth-decay bacteria thrive on food particles . . . form acids that attack the enamel.



AFTER BRUSHING— New Ipana with WD-9 destroys most tooth-decay bacteria with just one brushing.

P

1

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Wonderful *DJER-KISS* Talc gives your skin a delightful fresh fragrance . . . a wonderful pampered softness. Made of finest imported talc, soothing, cooling DJER-KISS helps prevent chafing, absorbs perspiration, makes you delightful to be near!

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SEPTEMBER 7

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SEPTEMBER, 1954 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Rock is sailing a Catamaran. Color Portrait by Ornitz

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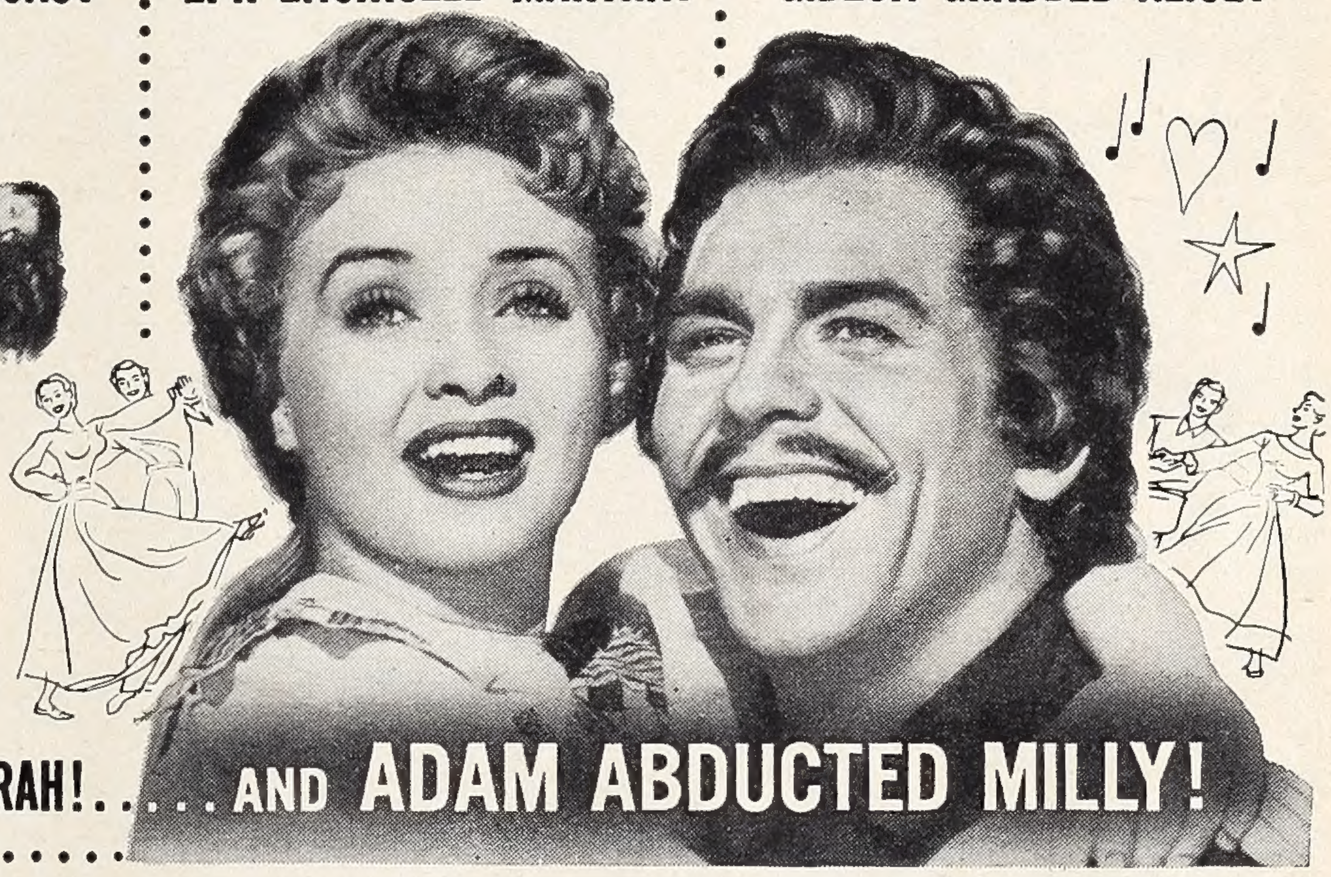
GIDEON GRABBED ALICE!



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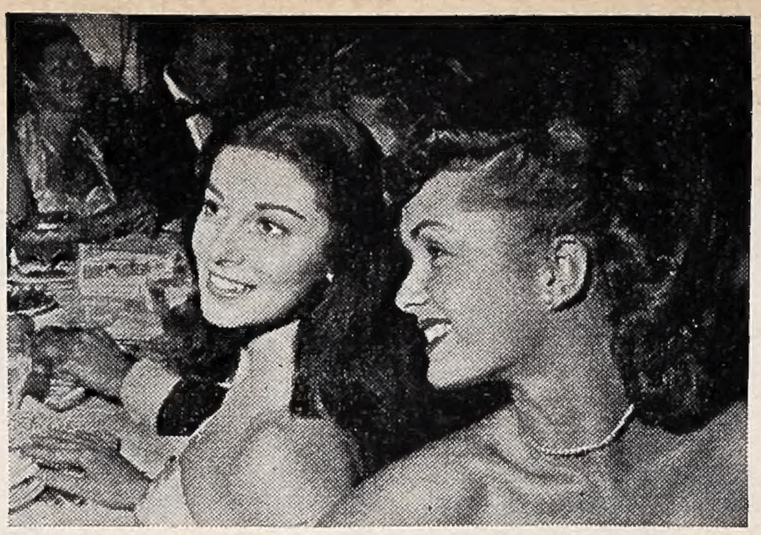
AN M-G-M PICTURE

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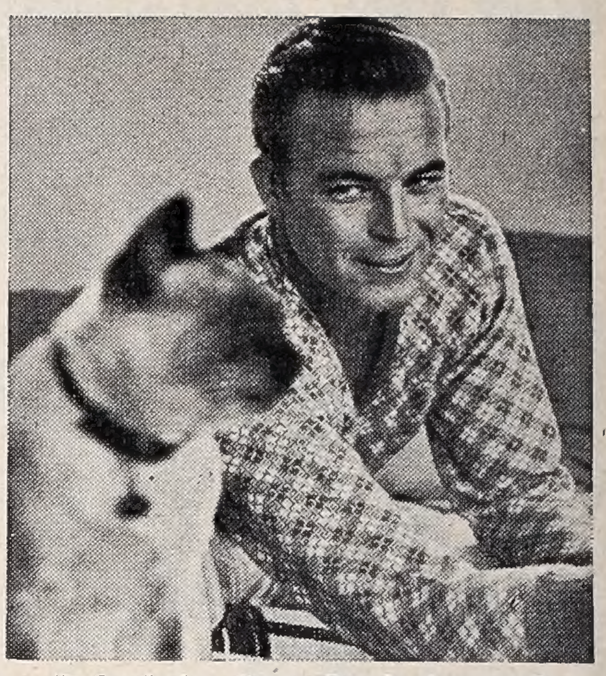
"When You're In Love"•"Bless Yore Beautiful Hide"•"Goin' Courtin'"•"Wonderful, Wonderful Day"•"Sobbin Women"•"Spring, Spring, Spring"•"June Bride"•"Lament"

Available in M-G-M Records album. Recorded directly from the sound track of the movie.

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Pier and Debbie—more sophisticated but so sweet



Is bachelor Scott Brady hep-cat?



Gilbert Roland: From Norma Talmadge to Jane Russell!



Charlotte Austin—young de Havilland?

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I KNOW A GUY whose favorite actress is Piper Laurie. But he wonders if she and all the other girls around Hollywood—including Debbie Reynolds—are as innocent as they seem to be . . . Yvonne DeCarlo believes most good-looking men aren't smart . . . It was not too long ago that Susan Hayward told me she could forgive a man practically anything because she likes men. I don't have to brief you on what happened recently . . . I believe Ethel Merman when she sings "There's No Business Like Show Business" . . . Scott Brady looks like a bop musician to me.

Hollywood is on a lady kick. The movie colony is very pleased to classify Audrey Hepburn and Grace Kelly as young actresses who represent Lady . . . The old Burton Holmes travelogues now have a story and are interwoven in CinemaScope movies . . . I can recall not long ago when I wrote that an unknown, Cyd Charisse, would be a bigger movie star than her husband, Tony Martin. I think she proves it in "Brigadoon."

There is no prettier face on the screen than Ava Gardner's. And those who want to shout Liz Taylor can shout! . . . My favorite character Mike Curtiz told form-fitting dancer Barrie Chase ("White Christmas"): "In two years I'll make you a star overnight." . . . Lauren Bacall sounds more like Marlene Dietrich every day . . . I flip when Lena Horne sings practically any song . . . I wish Frank Sinatra would record "My Time of Day" from "Guys and Dolls" . . . Marge Champion always looks well groomed . . . Sheree North figures to be a star . . . Bob Wagner told me that he was looking at a picture on TV that was so bad he walked out of his own house and went to the movies.

Even stage money is more expensive these days. A few years ago you could buy a million dollars for twenty dollars; now the million costs almost fifty dollars. I'm still waiting for a good explanation of Liberace. Don't hit, just try to explain . . . Gilbert Roland is the most amazing actor in pictures to me. I'll explain: Roland was around when Norma Talmadge was a silent film star, and he's around—better and more handsome—as Jane Russell's leading man . . . Janet Leigh has muscles where a girl should have muscles . . . Charlotte Austin looks like Olivia de Havilland did when Olivia started in pictures . . . Just for a change, I'd like to see Claire Trevor *not* play a fallen woman. She's too good an actress to put in a groove.

I goofed with Leslie Caron. To me, nothing. But now I realize what others see in her . . . Lana Turner with a little weight on is still much sexier and interesting than a carload of the new starlets . . . While I'm in the mood, let me say that all those "bosom and sand" pictures sound and look alike to me . . . Continuing the confession, I can't distinguish between Mary Castle and Peggie Castle, and don't know which is doing what career-wise or otherwise.

I know a guy who thinks Marilyn Monroe is trying to be another Mamie Van Doren . . . By the way, I can't think of a more exciting combo than The Monroe and Marlon Brando for a movie . . . I don't dig Guy Madison as Lindbergh . . . Bob Mitchum likes San Francisco and told me about a hep pal who, while they were strolling through Union Square, said: "Man, whatta town. Even the squares here have a union" . . . Too many young actresses act as if they were another Audrey Hepburn . . . I'd love to listen to a tape recording of a night's dialogue between Zsa Zsa Gabor and Rubirosa . . . No longer am I too surprised or shocked by anything an actor might do or say. I excuse it by remembering that it was an actor who shot Lincoln. And that's Hollywood for you.

Alfred Hitchcock
The Master of **Suspense**

brings you

his masterpiece!



PARAMOUNT presents

James Stewart

in

Alfred Hitchcock's

Rear Window

co-starring

GRACE KELLY · WENDELL COREY · THELMA RITTER

with RAYMOND BURR

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

DIRECTED BY
ALFRED HITCHCOCK · SCREENPLAY BY JOHN MICHAEL HAYES · BASED ON THE SHORT STORY BY CORNELL WOOLRICH

Peggy's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol brings faster relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues." Peggy now takes Midol at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.

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READERS INC...

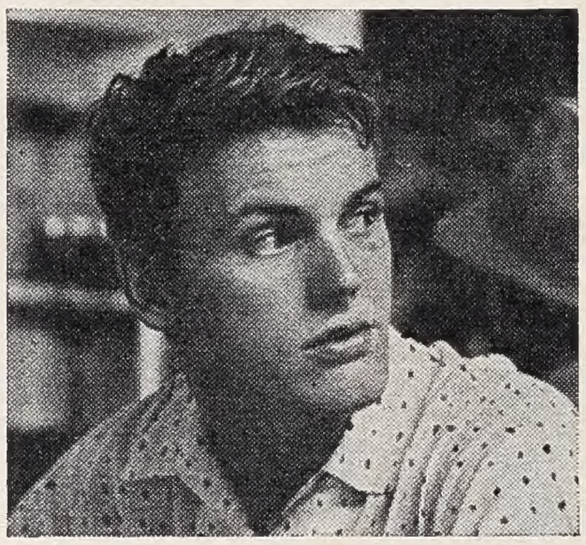


SOAP BOX

Lucky is the girl who grabs Tab Hunter! When I was in Los Angeles recently, I had a swimming date with Tab as a result of a contest held here in Seattle. Many times, when I read articles by various movie stars, I wonder if they practice what they preach. In the case of Tab Hunter, I know that he does.

I have been used to boys being a little late for a date, but they've never been courteous enough to call. Tab was to meet me at the Beverly Hills Hotel at 2:00 P.M. He called and said that he would be ten minutes late since he was moving into his new apartment that day. He arrived at 2:10!

You probably know what an excellent swimmer Tab is, so you can imagine how



Tab Hunter—some girl will be lucky

I felt—dog-paddling to drowning! He was very sweet again, saying, "You probably don't have the opportunity to swim as much as we do in L.A." Consideration personified!

Since Tab had to make an appearance at a gala premiere later that evening, we had to cut our date short, and when we got back to the hotel, Tab was very thoughtful again. He called my mother and told her what a fine time we'd had. Mother, who had been a bit leery of movie stars, was completely taken by this tall handsome blond.

Hooray for stars like Tab, say I! Now you can understand why I say, "Lucky is the girl who grabs Tab!"

DIANA PETERS
Seattle, Washington

I just saw "The Eddie Cantor Story" and think it's a wonderful movie everyone should see. Keefe Brasselle is a marvelous young actor. Why doesn't he get more starring roles?

PAT SMITH
Ardmore, Oklahoma

Today, many popular Hollywood couples are confronting the public with marriage failures. The reasons: personality differences, professional jealousy, non-existence of love.

These young couples should take a hint from the marriages in Hollywood which have proved their value and stability. Marriages founded on a spiritual element. For success, whether it be in a career or in marriage, must have faith. Faith combined with hope and love makes life worthwhile

A/2C R. H. SELLE
c/o PM, San Francisco, Californi

The motion-picture industry certainl laid an egg by naming William Holden th best actor of the year.

Didn't anyone even see the greatest pe formance ever given on the screen—Mon gomery Clift in "From Here to Eternity"

SILVIA GUBINS
Omaha, Nebrask

Hurrah for Holden! At last he's a claimed the top actor for 1953. I have fe for some time this star was worth mor recognition than the magazines or th movie industry seemed to give him. would like to thank all those responsibl for his receiving the Oscar. They could n have given it to anyone more deservin And to Mr. Holden—you're tops and I' so happy Hollywood has honored you a last.

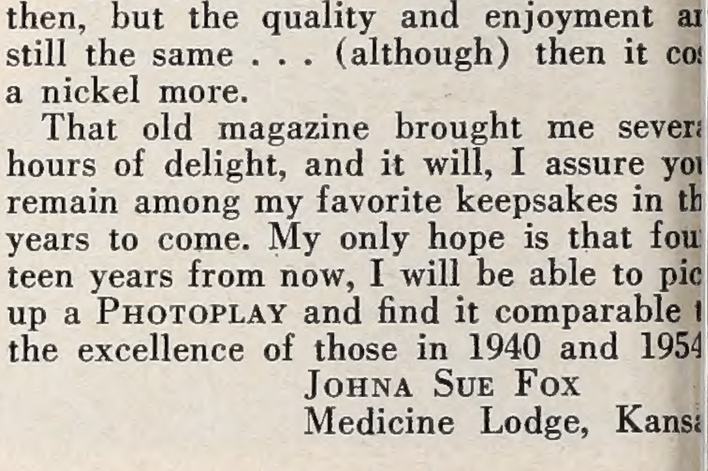
BETTY EHLENFELD
Georgetown, Illino

. . . Cleaning out an old suitcase recentl I came across an old copy of PHOTOPLA dated January, 1940. The magazine ha changed quite a bit in appearance sinc then, but the quality and enjoyment a still the same . . . (although) then it co a nickel more.

That old magazine brought me sever hours of delight, and it will, I assure yo remain among my favorite keepsakes in th years to come. My only hope is that fou teen years from now, I will be able to pic up a PHOTOPLAY and find it comparable t the excellence of those in 1940 and 1954

JOHNA SUE FOX
Medicine Lodge, Kans

I have now seen several pictures of Lan Turner with her hair its natural color, an I think it makes her look younger an more beautiful than ever.



Light or dark, she'll always be Lana Turn

Lana also looks happier now than s has in a long time. Maybe her marriage Lex Barker is doing her good.

JUDY REYNOLDS
Moses Lake, Washingt

I have just had a copy of PHOTOPL sent to me and enjoyed it very much.

(*Continued on page* 1



OUT OF THE ADVENTURE PAGES OF THE AGES!

King Richard the Lion-Hearted in sweeping grandeur! From Warner Bros. comes the magnificent presentation of Sir Walter Scott's undying story of the mighty quest for the Holy Sepulchre. Kings and Captains of the Western World charging into strange lands and thundering tumult! Here is the crafty Saladin of the Desert with his two thousand Saracen tribes—the Castelain warriors, seven feet tall, proud giants in armor—the wicked cohorts of beauteous Queen Berengaria—the savage abduction of Lady Edith the Chaste—and the Knight of the Leopard whose faith still rings through the long corridors of courage.

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS

FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT'S 'THE TALISMAN'

CINEMASCOPE

WARNERCOLOR AND STEREOPHONIC SOUND



PRESENTED BY **WARNER BROS.**

STARRING

REX HARRISON · VIRGINIA MAYO · GEORGE SANDERS · LAURENCE HARVEY

WITH

ROBERT DOUGLAS SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST MUSIC BY MAX STEINER PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER

BY FLORABEL MUIR

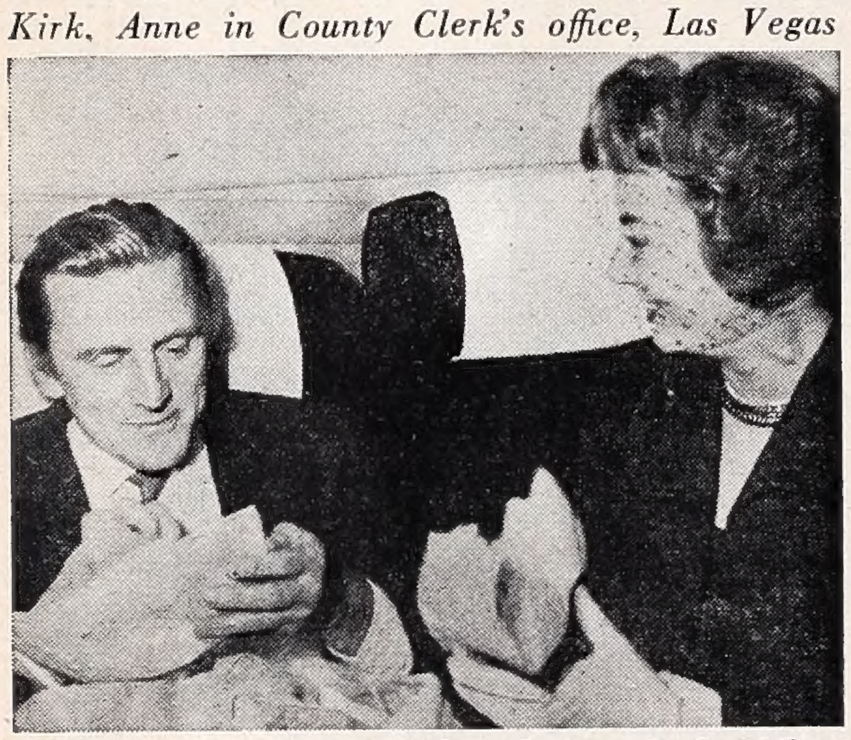
HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS



Only select-few like Doris Day knew party for Kirk Douglas, Anne Buydens was a celebration!



Next day, the wedding that surprised Hollywood. Kirk, Anne in County Clerk's office, Las Vegas



On honeymoon flight, Kirk and Anne had a hilarious time opening gag gifts from their friends



End of a surprise story: Kirk and his bride at Lake Mead, where couple spent their honeymoon

The Kirk Douglas-Anne Buydens merging that has Hollywood still spinning. Kirk met Anne, a film publicist, when he went to France to make "Act of Love." He and Anne became fast friends, although his heart still belonged to Pier Angeli. Then Kirk returned to America—and Anne came following after . . . just to see what Hollywood looked like. Although Kirk's romance with Pier was over by this time, there was no hint that he had transferred his affections to Miss Buydens—until suddenly they appeared at the County Clerk's office in Las Vegas with intentions to marry. Then it came out that the party given the night before by close friend Warren Cowens had been a pre-marriage party! All the guests, including Doris Day, had arrived bearing gifts for the bride- and groom-to-be, who spent their honeymoon at Lake Mead—far from the maddened crowd of Hollywoodites who had failed to catch even a whisper of Kirk's intentions!

•

The two-way zooming of Bob Stack's career—hot as an actor via "The High and the Mighty" and even hotter as a lover since he and Terry Moore found each other. Terry has forsaken night life for the great outdoors just because that's what Bob goes for and his long-standing romance with Claudette Thornton has chilled . . . How Ava Gardner avoided Las Vegas for Lake Tahoe in sitting out her divorce time because three of her exes were marking that spot at the time—Mickey Rooney, Frank Sinatra and Artie Shaw.

•

About Frankie Laine's stepped-up film career, which really gets going in high when he co-stars with Yvonne DeCarlo in that glittering musical revue in Germany . . . And whether the developing international situation may not compel a drastic change in Cecil B. De Mille's project to film "The Ten Commandments" against Egyptian backgrounds, the actual Old Testament scenery, the year's most ambitious and costly foreign location . . . And the possibility that Gloria De Haven, who said she would launch a beauty parlor of her own in New York, may chuck it all to marry again following her divorce from Marty Kimmel.

•

About the Marie McDonald-Harry Karl rift which, their pals insist, is only a slight case of greasepaint showing on Marie, another way of saying that she got careeritis again. Harry, very much in love, thinks she'll change her mind and be content as a housewife . . . About the rags-to-riches career to-date of Tab Hunter, who in four years has climbed from Hollywood boulevard soda jerk to $1500 a week as a featured player in "Track of the Cat." . . . The fast-blooming amour of Ted Briskin, Betty Hutton's ex, and Colleen Miller, beauteous Universal-International starlet.

•

About Humphrey Bogart's performance in "The Caine Mutiny," and if talk can win an Oscar for a star Bogie's in . . . The persistent denials and counter-denials that all isn't well with the Betty Grable-Harry James menage, and this is the real lowdown: There were some spats and for a time things didn't look favorable but Betty and Harry are really trying for a patch-up and admitting nothing to columnist inquirers in the hope that they can work it out. The whole thing would have been kept dark except for whispers by insiders who realized they were getting shaky.

•

About Charlton Heston's insistence that wife Lydia Clarke go with him to Egypt where he'll play Moses in "The Ten Commandments" because he refuses to take a chance on the consequences of one more separation. Incidentally his stand-in, Fritz Apking, may replace Lex Barker as the new Tarzan . . . And about the story seeping back to Hollywood on the grapevine that Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartle, her war-hero mate, are off key.

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S

COLD CREAM

NOW IN

CAMAY



"Your skin will love it!"

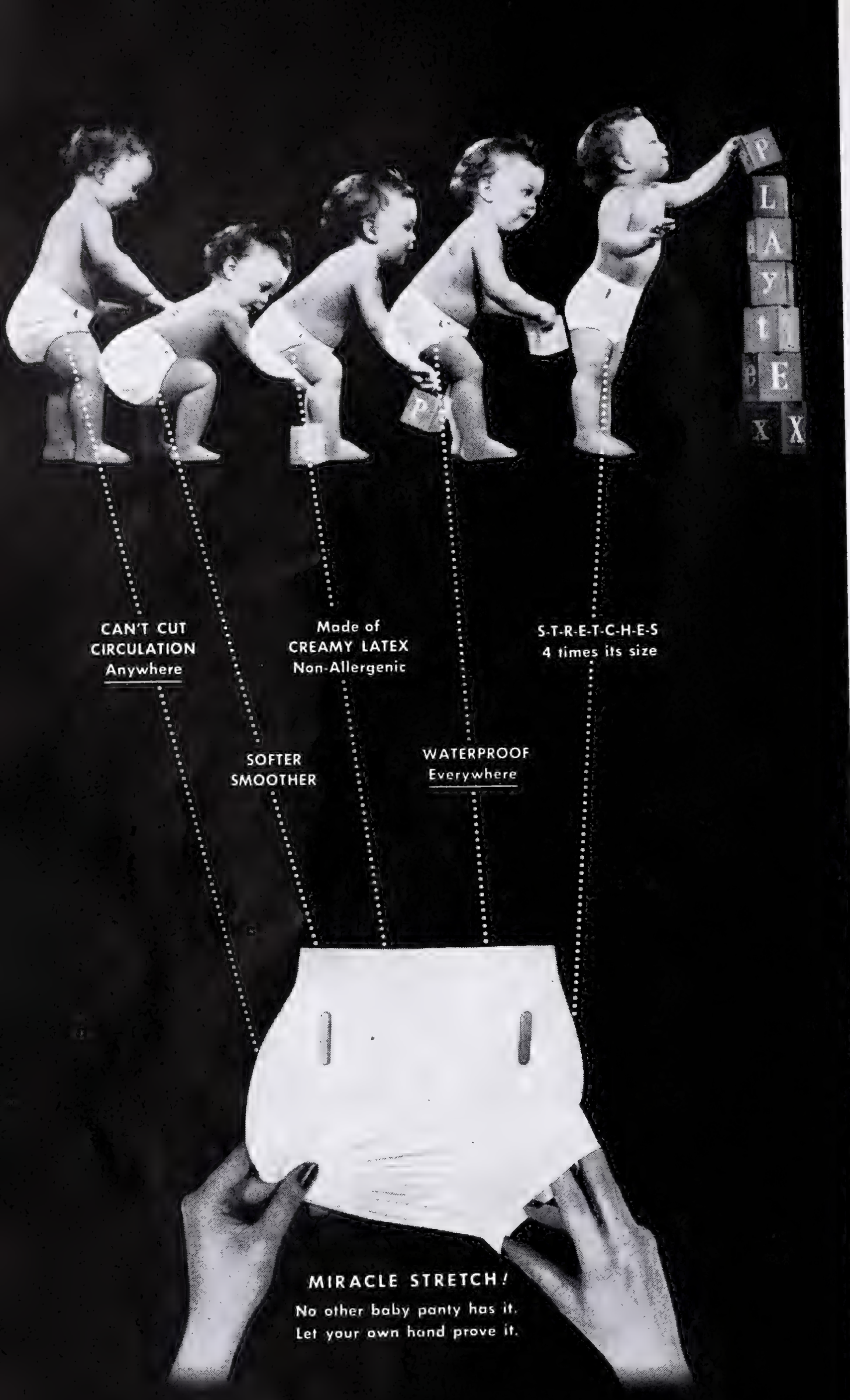
says Mrs. James Fritzell, a radiant Camay Bride. "Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I tried it the minute I heard about it, and I think it's the most marvelous complexion care ever!"

NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST! Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that contains precious cold cream. And women everywhere tell us it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care.

WHETHER YOUR SKIN IS DRY OR OILY, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll love Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, rich silken-soft lather, and caressing fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!



Now more than ever ...The Soap of Beautiful Women



KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE"*
IN PLAYTEX® BABY PANTS

See how the Baby-in-Motion picture (on top) proves that Playtex Pants — and only Playtex Pants — can shield baby with such complete comfort and provide such practical and gentle protection. Stitchless, seamless, longer lasting. Washes in seconds. No wonder more mothers buy Playtex than any other make!

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READERS INC...

(*Continued from page 6*)

I am a keen film fan, I wondered if any of your readers (boy or girl) would write to me as a pen pal. I am 14 years old.

SHIRLEY BUNCE
27A Barbauld Road
Stoke-Newington
London N.16, England

Write direct to Shirley, not to PHOTOPLAY—*ED.*

CASTING:

I have just read the true story of "The Faith of Chaplain Kapaun." It was a wonderful story, and I think it would make a great hit in the movies with Van Johnson playing the lead role.

MARY CHAULET
Garden, Kansas



With Van, it would be a hit

Someone should make a picture of Edward Aarons' "Come Back My Love," with Glenn Ford as *Fleming*, Rita Hayworth as *Elizabeth*, Patricia Neal as *Cathy* and Ronold Reagan as *Johnny Wright.*

CRISTINA WHITE
Stuttgart, Germany

I think a good pair for an exciting, fast-moving picture would be Marlon Brando and Terry Moore.

CONNIE FISHER
Wilmington, Delaware

I am writing this in a state of sheer amazement. Recently I read that Greta Garbo is thinking of accepting the nurse's role in Stanley Kramer's production of "Not as a Stranger."

Surely Mr. Kramer has no intentions of casting Miss Garbo as *Kristina.* Don't misunderstand me, I think Garbo is a terrific actress and a beautiful woman, but the only thing she and Kristina have in common is their Swedish ancestry.

The girls in my office all loved the book —and *Kristina*—and tried to decide who fitted the author's description of her. We have to have an actress who was attractive, not glamorous, a girl who looked Swedish who could handle a dramatic role. Fifteen out of eighteen selected the same girl—Nancy Olson.

MIDGE BEGLEY
Brooklyn, New York

QUESTION BOX:

We have just seen "Three Young Texans," co-starring Keefe Brasselle. We think he is wonderful. We would like to know his birthday and where we may write to him.

THE GIRLS OF B.V.M.
Darby, Pennsylvania

Keefe's birthday is February 7th, and you may direct your letters to him c/o Warner Brothers.—ED.

(*Continued on page 24*)

IT'S ALL ABOUT
A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN
AND A GIRL ABOUT 18...

and the things
he learns
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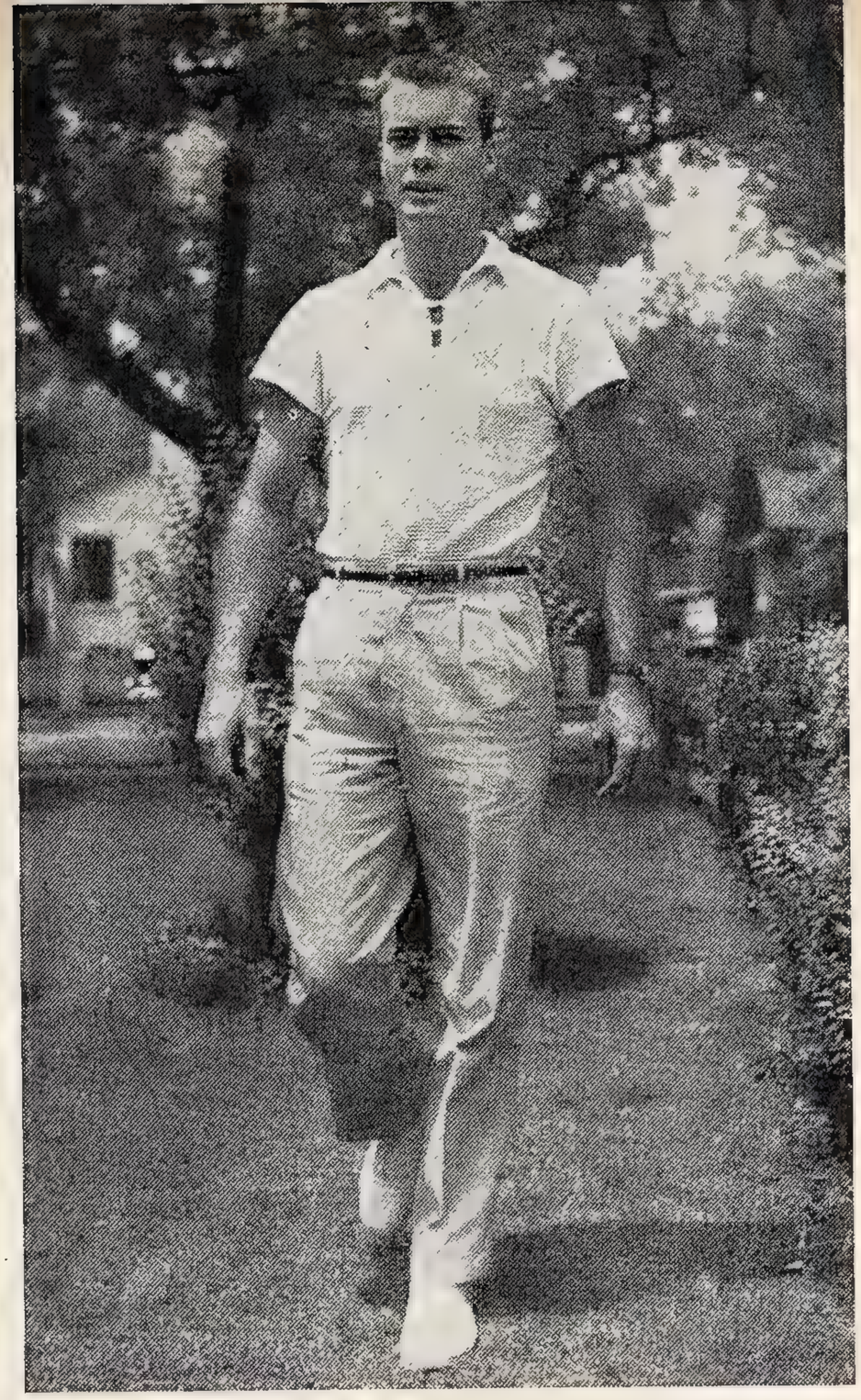
new heart-beat

—Bob Francis of

"The Caine Mutiny,"

a young man in

a big hurry



FULL SPEED AHEAD

BY EVE FORD

"Who could play *Queeg*?" the young Army corporal wondered. "Spencer Tracy, maybe?" His friends, the three captains who'd lent him a well-read copy of "The Caine Mutiny," each had a different suggestion. But on one point they all agreed: *Willie Keith* had them stumped. "Nope," the corporal said, "I can't think of anybody who'd be right for *Willie*."

This was in 1952, and all over the country thousands of readers were making a game of casting the movie version of the top best-seller. But the discussion between the four Army friends was unique in one way: The young corporal was Robert Francis, who made his movie debut two years later as *Willie Keith*.

How did this minor miracle happen? First, let's look at Bob as he is now.

A truly refreshing screen personality, Bob has captured the hearts of moviegoers in record time. With his strong, pleasantly bony features and his crew-cut, dark-blond hair, he hasn't the currently fashionable brand of good looks. More important, nothing in his appearance or his manner suggests the atmosphere of movie sets or night clubs. You'd imagine him instead at home in the outdoors—and your imagination would be right.

Though Bob has now made three more movies in rapid succession, he hasn't really been absorbed into the life of Hollywood. He lives with his parents in Pasadena and spends most of his spare time there. His favorite date is a girl who has no connection with the movie business. And, as the memory of glorious ski flights among the high snows shines in his blue eyes, he can say with an earnestness that must be believed, "Some day I'm going back to the mountains and hibernate!"

Like many of the new generation of stars, he's a native Californian; he was born in Glendale on February 26, 1930. Unlike most of his rivals, Robert Charles Francis had no acting ambitions as a youngster; at Wilson Junior High and Pasadena City College, he took no part in amateur theatricals. His heart was committed to another love.

He'd acquired his fondness for the outdoors as a Boy Scout and on weekend trips into the mountains with his dad and his older brother. During one of these trips, Bob strapped on a pair of skis for the first time. It seemed like just another sport while he was a stumbling beginner. But soon the exhilaration of gliding downhill, the mountain air brusquely caressing his cheeks, convinced him that he'd found his chief

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interest in life. Bob Francis, aged eleven, solemnly resolved that he was going to be not only an expert skier, but a champion, representing his country at the Olympic Games.

That was his abiding passion all during his teens. A boy's usual concerns—girls, school activities—were brushed aside while Bob dedicated himself to skiing. He ranged up and down the West Coast, competing in one race after another, acquiring a taste for travel that he still has. And he wasn't discouraged by the dangers of the sport. During a race, he was making a fast turn when he fell with such force that his ski pole stabbed through his right forearm. He still has the scar as a souvenir.

Bob was determined to remain an amateur, so he had to plan some means of earning a living. But he didn't stray far from his chosen field; he and his brother Bill decided to open a ski-equipment shop. Looking far ahead, Bob speeded up his education, taking summer courses for four or five years. By the time he was sixteen, he'd completed two years of college. "I just wanted to get college out of the way to satisfy my parents," he explains. And at seventeen, Bob was a businessman. The Francis brothers operated three ski shops at Big Pines and Mt. Waterman. They hadn't set themselves an easy task, because they were a little ahead of the game. Now the biggest skiing area in the country, this section wasn't so popular at the time. But the brothers kept slugging away.

Bob Francis had his life all figured out. So he thought. Only a little matter of climate turned his plans upside down. His was a seasonal sport, of course. When the snows melted, he went on enforced vacations from skiing and running the shops. One summer day when Bob was nineteen, he was enjoying lazy hours on the beach at Santa Monica. Thanks to his rig ous athletic training, his body w nearing the hard-muscled six feet thr inches, 194 pounds that it scales tod Plenty of warmly appreciative femini eyes turned his way. So did a pair coolly appraising masculine ey These belonged to a U-I talent sco who sized Bob up as a promising bit movie merchandise.

Bob hadn't the slightest idea that was being watched. Just as the scc was about to approach him, Bob cided he'd done enough swimming a sunning. He jumped into his car a drove off, happily unaware that t scout was busy noting down the licen

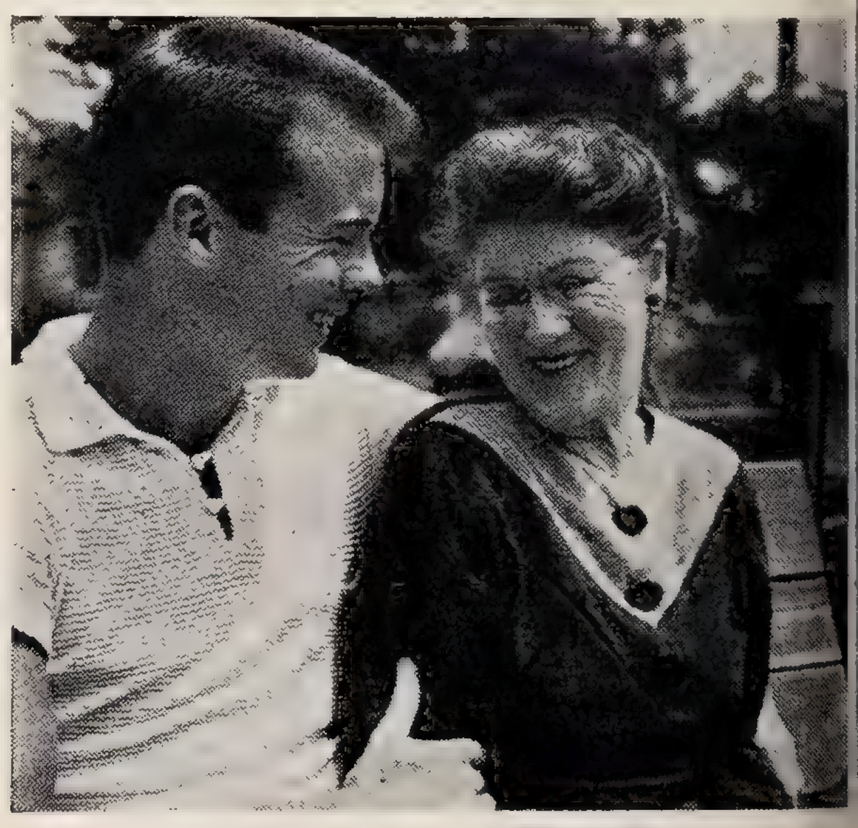
Then the scout turned detective a found out the name that went with t number. Presently, the phone rang the Francis home, and Bob heard astonishing suggestion: Would he co to U-I for an interview? Surprised may have been, but he wasn't partic larly impressed. He'd devoted so litt thought to the movie business that, admits, "I didn't even know what U was." Once this point was cleared u Bob figured: What have I got to los He and his brother had finally given their ski-shop venture, and he was loose ends.

In a skeptical frame of mind, B went to keep his appointment at U "They'll never get me," he assured h family. But his interview with Soph Rosenstein, U-I's late, beloved dramat coach, changed his mind. Miss Rose stein asked him to do a reading with newcomer named Ann Pearce. Ine perienced as Bob was, his appearanc his voice and his personality look like star-stuff, and Miss Rosenstein a vised him to take dramatic lessons.

She sold him on the idea, but he mained faithful to his first love. "I become a big movie star," he decid innocently, "and make half a milli dollars, and then I'll go back into t

FULL SPEED AHEAD

Continued



Bob's mother, Mrs. Lillian Warnick Francis, g him an upbringing that's kept him levelheaded ev against the stresses of sudden fame in Hollywo



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the "Missy" hair style. Bobbi is so simple to give, no help is needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for the "Candy Cane" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.

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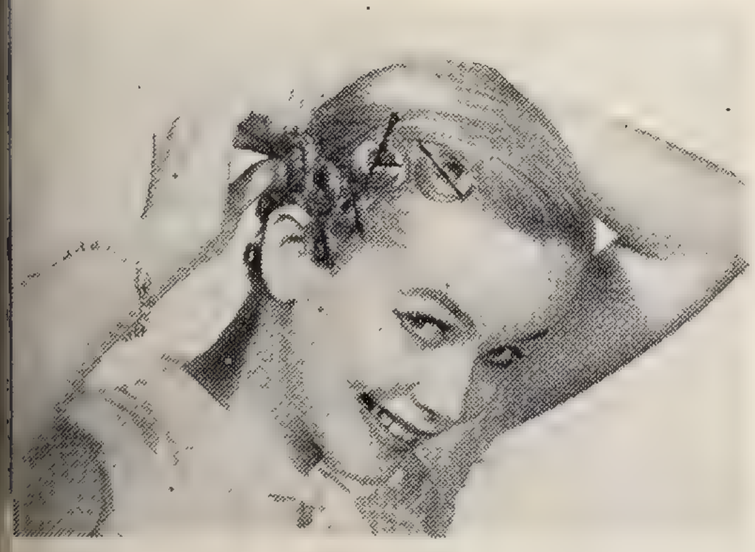
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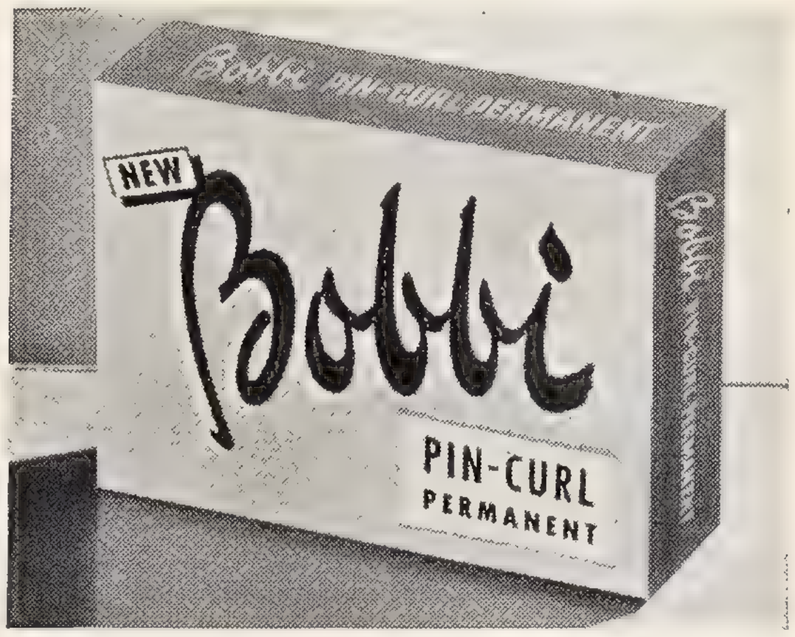


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Continued

ski-shop business." Once again he
forced to change his mind in a hu
He'd been referred to drama co
Batomi Schneider. One session w
her, one earful of her frank critic
—and, says Bob, "I realized I coul
make five cents as a movie actor!"

All his sporting blood was up. Lea
ing to act was a challenge, an excit
new game—at first. As the months w
by, he took it more and more seriou
Mrs. Schneider wouldn't let him e
try out for a role until he'd put i
year of hard study. (That expla
why, with no real professional exp
ence, Bob could hold his own with
the wise old pros in "The Ca
Mutiny.") When his year was up,
was offered a contract at Colum
But his big moment hadn't yet arriv

Before the studio could sign h
Uncle Sam stepped in with a pi
claim, inviting Bob to spend a cou
of years in the Army. This institut
never got around to satisfying Bo
yearning for travel; he wasn't sent
farther from home than Camp Robe
California, where the Army made
of his training to instruct fellow
diers in public speaking. And there
shared an office with the three capta
who loaned him a copy of "The Ca
Mutiny."

Quite unconscious of the fact t
he was destined to be the scree
Willie, Bob followed the example
the novel's young ensign: He foun
lasting romance while he was in
service. On a weekend leave in Pa
dena, he and another boy were hea
for a friend's home when his pal s
"There's a lovely girl in the car ahe
Let's ask her to the party." An ob
ing traffic light stopped both cars.
boys shouted their invitation and
a smiling refusal. Bemused by
pretty blonde, they hardly noticed t
she made a turn when the li
changed. Their car hit hers broadsi
but both were going so slowly t
little damage was done.

When all three climbed out for
routine post mortem, Bob discove
that the girl was a former schoolm
of his. Dorothy Ross (four feet elev
eighty-five pounds, "the kind you'd l
to put in your pocket," Bob says)
still his "little girl-friend." Hollywoo
most glamorous actresses are
around him, but he hasn't forgot
the pocket-sized charmer who works
the personnel department at a
plane plant.

His years in uniform completed, H
took off for a two-week vacation in
Vegas. Then he planned a month
Hawaii. Just in time, he got a ph
call that eventually took him to Haw
on business, with all expenses pa

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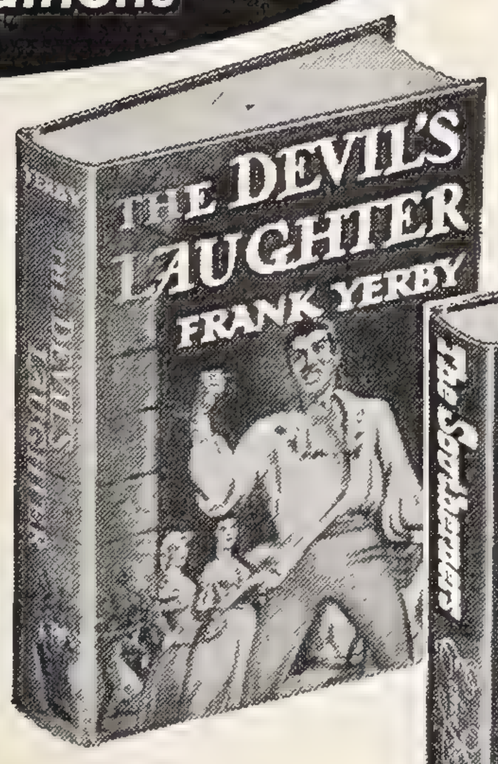


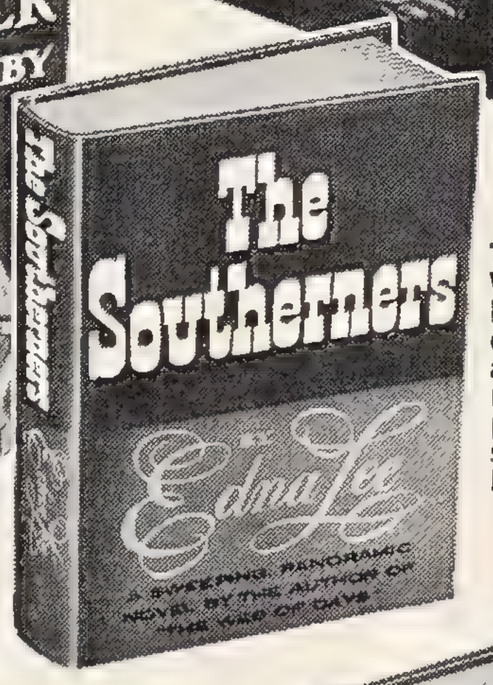
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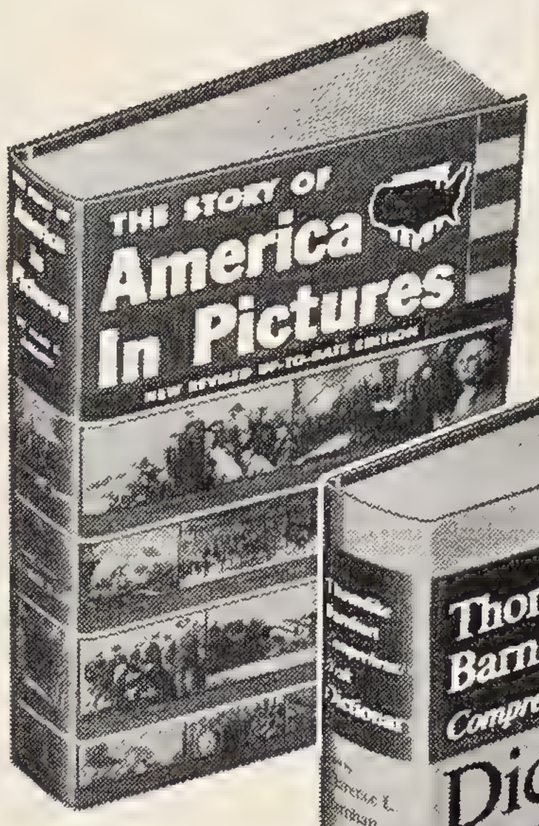


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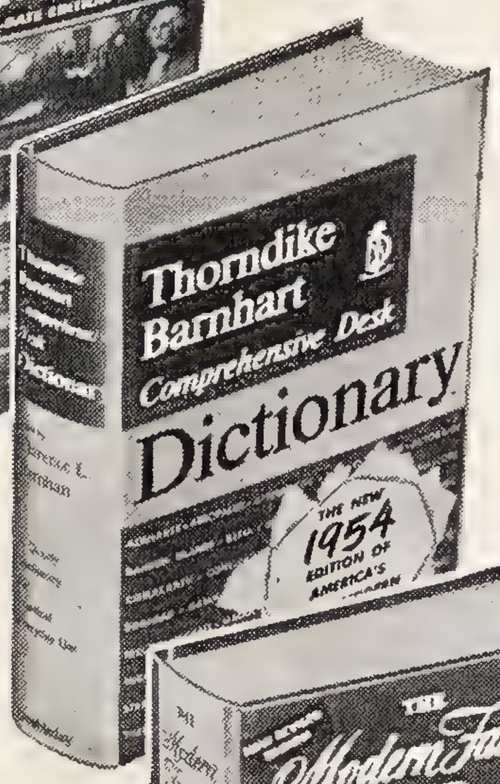




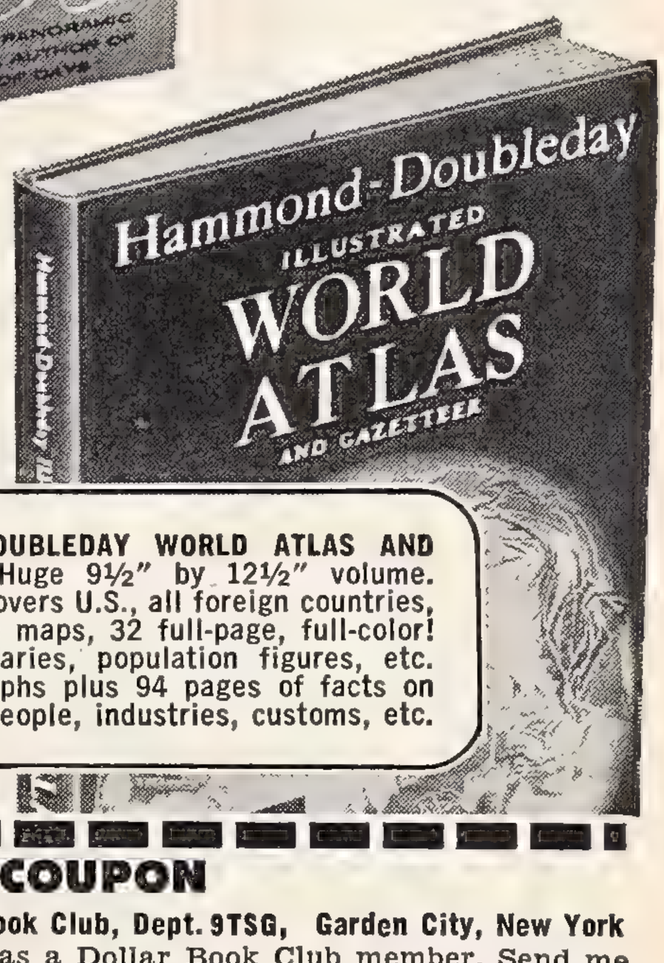
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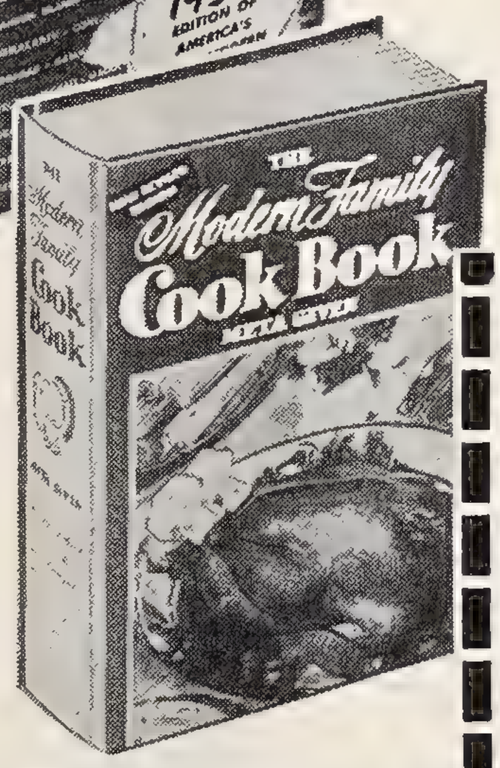
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Continued

Columbia Pictures told him there might be "a small bit part" for him in one of their upcoming movies. They sent him the script of "The Caine Mutiny," without revealing which role he was being considered for. A short session with Boss Harry Cohn, a long one with producer Stanley Kramer, a screen test with Donna Reed standing in for May Wynn—and Bob became *Willie Keith*. Three days later, he was off to Yosemite for the picture's love scenes, shot before the location trip to Hawaii. Here was the turning point in Bob's life.

The three captains who'd been his Army friends sent him a long congratulatory letter, pretending to appoint themselves his agents, at the usual ten percent of his salary. When "The Caine Mutiny" started shooting, Van Johnson made a big gag out of "hating" Bob, because the youngster had stolen the part that Van wanted for himself. (Johnson, of course, wound up with only the best role in the picture.) And Dorothy Ross gave her beau a gift he treasures sentimentally: a pair of silver cufflinks, on which anchors and tiny silver spheres symbolize the Navy and the steel balls associated with *Captain Queeg* of the *Caine*. As for Bob's fellow cast members, they ceremoniously handed him a couple of B-B shots—"for the junior *Queeg*."

Three more movies ("They Rode West," "I Was a Prisoner in Korea" and "The Long Gray Line") convinced Bob that his movie career was no flash in the pan. He's come to regard it as earnestly as he does his life in general. Bob himself thinks he has this attitude because he's always associated so much with older people. Eleven years separate him from his older brother and sister. ("I was an afterthought," he says.) Beginning to ski in his early teens, he was usually much the junior of the other enthusiasts. He counts Fred MacMurray and Tyrone Power among the closest friends he's made so far in Hollywood.

With engaging unawareness of his own appeal, Bob muses, "Ty must be terrifically attractive to women—so much poise—and now a continental manner, after all his traveling. Dorothy and I went out with the Powers one evening, and I almost lost my girl! I tried giving Linda the eye, but I couldn't get *her* to look at me, either."

But with the assured success of *The Caine Mutiny*—and three other pictures coming up—Bob Francis has every hope of being one of the busiest and most popular young stars in the 1954 sky. And any old horoscope reader might find things looking very good for 1960! Wanna bet!

THE END

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Gwen O'Connor was Dan Dailey's date at fabulous party given by newlyweds George and Elsinore Gilliland at gardenia-decorated Mocambo

Fountains carved from ice, in which hundreds of red roses had been imprisoned, kept the champagne flowing for the more than three hundred guests of the Gillilands, above with Eva Gabor



Jeanne Crain, at party with husband Paul Brinkman, wore a glittering tiara atop her vivid red hair. It was at this party that a careless cigarette set fire to Marie McDonald's gown

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

Parties, parties, parties and one standout preem this month. But so many soirees, large and small, I fer sure won't have room for all of 'em!

The biggest, most lavish shindig tossed hereabouts since the famed Marion Davies hoop-la was given by wealthy charitable Elsinore Macris and groom, George Gilliland. The thirty-thousand-dollar (yep, $30,000!) ball they tossed saw Mocambo decorated with six thousand dollars' worth of gardenias—three hundred dozens of 'em! Champagne flowed from fountains carved from ice that also encased hundreds of American Beauty roses. Guests enjoyed nibbling on eighty pounds of caviar, provided by the hosts at $25 per pound; a four-foot high wedding "cake" fashioned of flowers; a wonderful dinner and dancing to Perez Prado's crazy Mambo band, along with the usual orchestra. To say nothing of Harold Stern and his 17 violinists who "serenaded" diners as they passed among the tables. And seeing the $5,000 French lace gown on Mrs. Gilliland, created by Dan Loper!

Among the more than 300 guests were Paul Brinkman and Jeanne Crain, sporting a "diamond" tiara, Eva Gabor, dangling a few diamonds and Marion Davies, dangling a few *thousand* diamonds, plus Noreen Nash, in pink satin with bustle and Marie McDonald, whose flimsy gown caught fire from a cigarette. Kay Williams, in pale blue chiffon and wearing a fabulous diamond and emerald necklace, the Vic McLaglens, Estelita and Grant Withers, Ginny Simms, Jon Hall and Linda Danson, Mari Blanchard and Greg Bautzer, the Bob Cummings, Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor were among the cinema set present. And Arlene Dahl, who decided that her bridal nightie (she has planned to become Mrs. Fernando Lamas before you read this) will be of pale pink chiffon and delicate lace—with yards and yards of the transparent, floaty stuff falling very, very softly from the waistline.

More "traditional" was the anniversary party Judy Garland and Sid Luft gave in the new Crown Room atop Romanoff's. The glass-enclosed setting gave sixty guests a gorgeous view of the city while dining and dancing to a three-piece musical combo. The Lufts seated a lot of studio execs and various chums at individual tables for eight. One of the special dishes served was rock Cornish game hen, supposedly raised just for *this* occasion. Judy wore a beige chiffon gown, its short sleeves banded with sable, *and* her brand-new (and first) diamond ring—a big marquis from Sid. Guests included Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, the Gary Coopers, the Tony Martins—Cyd Charisse gorgeous in rather short, very full-skirted white organdy dress, with a black top and the maddest black and white *striped* shoes of a glossy fabric! Evie Johnson with Van was in stunning white pique (*Continued on page* 25)

Give your hair a lanolin lift!



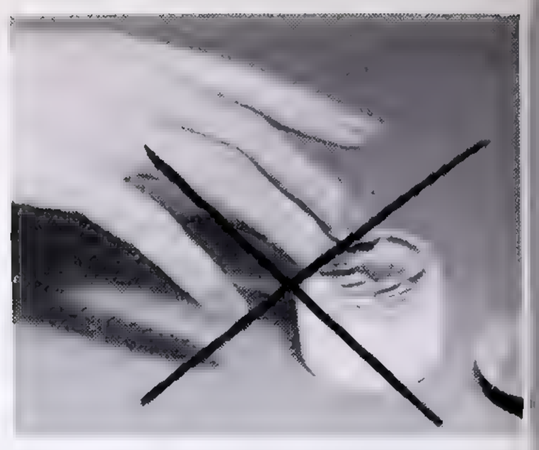
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twice the twinkle
with the shampoo
containing twice
as much lanolin

Such dreamy, creamy lather!
Such clean, clean hair . . .
so soft . . lovely . . . really radiant!
Much more manageable, too,
thanks to "double lanolin."

Lanolin Creme Shampoo—**49¢, 89¢, $1.69**

Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—**29¢, 59¢, $1**





NO greasy fingers . . .
No "shiny" look!

This is the make-up whose

Pond's Angel Face smooths on like velvet—and stays! Its skin-softening vaporized beauty oils give it "magnetic" attraction!



NO wet sponge—
No cakey, masky coating



NO spilly powder—
No "pressed powder" dryness

Special flattery can't be copied!

It now leads any other make-up 2 to 1

- Compare it to the greasy foundations that just *will* turn shiny and oily-looking on your skin . . .
- Compare it to cake make-ups, with their messy sponges and "masky," cakey dryness . . .
- Compare it to ordinary face powders—either loose or "cake"—with their chalky, powdery look . . .
- Millions of women *have* done just this—they've compared Pond's Angel Face with every kind of make-up on the market. The result—surveys show today *more women use Pond's Angel Face than use the next two complexion make-ups put together.*



Only $1*

"Magnetic" attraction—

the secret of Angel Face's incredible smoothness and "cling"

One of the blessings of Angel Face is that, although it is a completely non-greasy, all-in-one make-up, it never "cakes" or looks powdery. Never streaks.

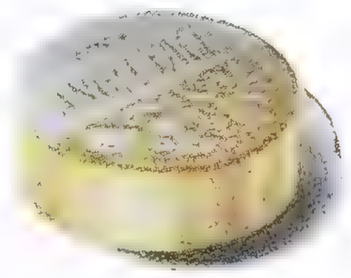
And it is *never drying* to the skin.

The secret: Angel Face is permeated through and through with *vaporized beauty oils* which have an *affinity* for the natural softeners in your own skin—a "magnetic" attraction that makes Angel Face seem actually to become *one* with your skin! It is "magnetic" attraction that makes Angel Face go on with the soft-tinted delicacy . . . the incredible smoothness and "cling" that *no other make-up has been able to duplicate.*

If you don't yet know the magic of Angel Face—if you've been frightened off by your troubles with other make-ups, or thought you just weren't "the make-up type"—*do* try Angel Face by Pond's. It's *different.* You'll love it!

—And you'll love its charming Mirror Case!

Tuck it in your handbag—in 5 seconds smooth on this wonderful powder and foundation in-one! You'll be proud to use the ivory-and-golden Mirror Case *anywhere!* With mirror, puff, choice of 8 luscious shades. See the dramatic *new* dark shade "Gypsy Angel." The slim, sleek Angel Face Mirror Case just $1*



Dainty blue-and-gold box with plump, velour puff—*perfect* for your dressing table. 2 sizes—89¢, 59¢*

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Pond's Angel Face

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

says Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

CONOVER SCHOOL BEAUTY DIRECTOR

"Our Conover girls know what it can do for every type of complexion—dry, oily or normal!"



Joan Fetherston, lovely young dancer and TV actress, says: "It's such wholesome beauty care for my dry skin! I never knew any soap could do so much so gently until Candy taught me to beauty-wash twice every day with mild Cashmere Bouquet. I just cream that fluffy, fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves my skin looking wonderful — smoother, softer, with a lovely, fresh glow!"

Complexion and big bath sizes

P.S. "Scatter a few cakes of Cashmere Bouquet through your lingerie and handkerchief drawers. Leaves a lovely, flowery fragrance, much more subtle than sachet!"

Candy



READERS INC...

(*Continued from page* 10)

I have seen "Rhapsody" twice, and I think John Ericson did a superb job of acting . . . Would you please give me some information about him . . . What pictures has he previously appeared in?

AN AVID FAN
Wamego, Kansas

Born in Dusseldorf, Germany, John is twenty-seven years old, married Milly Coury last year. "Teresa" was his first and only picture before "Rhapsody." Write him at M-G-M.—ED.

A friend and I are having an argument concerning Bing Crosby's boys. He says they're adopted, I say they're not. Who's right?

MRS. DONALD WIATER
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

You win!—ED.

In your April, 1953 issue there is a picture of John Derek and his wife Patti in which she has blond hair. In your May, 1954, issue there is another picture of John and his wife in which she has dark hair. What I can't understand is whether he was divorced or his wife just completely changed.

GLORIA PROULF
Fall River, Massachusetts

Patti tried blond hair for awhile but decided her own natural brunette suited her better.—ED.

Who played *Chief Vittorio* in "Hondo?"

SYBIL WHITFIELD
Salem, Virginia

Talented actor, Michael Pate.—ED.

Did Ann Blyth do her own singing in "Rose Marie?"

BETTY GRACE BAGGS
Savannah, Georgia

That beautiful voice is Ann's own.—ED.

When is "Gone with the Wind" going to be released again? Also, who played in "The Spiral Staircase?"

RONNIE JOSEPH
Alice, Texas

M-G-M is re-releasing GWTW nationally this year. Dorothy McGuire and George Brent starred in the latter film.—ED.



Dorothy McGuire's the girl

Could you please clear up a matter for us? We would like to know who portrayed the role of *Guy Haines* in "Stranger on a Train." I believe it was Mark Stevens.

PEGGY HILL
New York, New York

It was Farley Granger.—ED.

(*Continued on page* 33)

trimmed with multitudinous bits of vivid turquoise and rhinestone beading. The Peter Lawfords, the Bill Goetzes, Jack Warner, Ethel Merman (in starched black organza) were there too. Late, late, the Merm, Judy and Van Johnson did some fancy chirping together—natch!

Judy's use of sable on her filmy gown reminds me to note how "little furs," not necessarily trimming, have greatly replaced last summer's overworked dressy cardigans and will undoubtedly continue to do so way into fall. Teitlebaum, the furrier who bedecks most of Tinseltown's celebs, says he can hardly fill his orders for tiny (real tiny!) white mink or ermine capes and hug-me jackets. And note the many pastel shades in which he's turning out such duds. Elizabeth Taylor has a "little" pink mink cape. And we caught Mona Freeman (dining with Frank Sinatra) at La Rue one eve, wearing a wee pale blue mink capelet over a stark white cotton lace cocktail dress. Teitlebaum adds, "I used to design these things for Christmas. Now everyone wants them to wear over summer party dresses." And gals, if you're lucky enough to have an old hunk of beige or gray fox lying around, *do something* with it! Just as chic!

A different sort of divertissement, and much talked about, was the Hawaiian luau for 200 that socialite George Cameron gave on his spacious hill-top lawns, with both Eddie Oliver's band and a Hawaiian outfit strumming Island melodies. A ripple occurred when Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were inadvertently seated at the same table with Liz's ex: Nicky Hilton. Fortunately, perhaps, this was *not* one of Nicky's drinking nights. Guests who gorged themselves on exotic food and sipped wonderful rum concoctions included Jane Wooster with John Lindsay; John's ex, Diana Lynn, with Bob Neal; Merle Oberon, back with Dr. Rex Ross; John Carroll, Anita Eckberg; Steve Crane and Kathy Marlowe; the Hoagy Carmichaels; Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman.

Then there was producer Bert Friedlob's (he's Eleanor Parker's ex) goodbye party for Tay Garnett and Mari Aldon, returning to England. Shelley Winters was with John Carroll; Yvonne DeCarlo with Bob Clark; Richard Egan with Diana Mills; Jon Hall with Linda Danson; Jackie Loughery with Vince Edwards. George Raft, Rhonda Fleming, Walter Pidgeon and Casey Robinson were some of the very few who "stagged it."

For a good cause, Ciro's was turned into a veritable ranch house when Share, Inc., sparked by Yvonne Hover, Doris Day and a few other gals gave out with a fund-raising whoopee. The place was mobbed with famous people in western attire, and the hatcheck gals were busy checking rifles, guns, slingshots and ten-gallon lids into a big covered wagon parked outside the cafe! Ann Blyth (who became a Momma a few days later) and Dr. McNulty; Pier Angeli with Allan Pearl; the Gordon MacRaes; Debbie Reynolds; Keefe Brasselle; Ida Lupino and Howard Duff; Lance Fuller with a magazine girl; Miriam Nelson with Neils Larsen; Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean (who say they'll wed the moment "No Business Like Show Business" is finis); Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who panicked everyone, were among the fun-makers.

The Dean Martins tossed a lovely dinner dance to celebrate Dean's birthday—but we'll wait till next time to tell about that one. There were no photogs there, anyway, so we'd better get on with events you might learn about meantime. One of these was the unique preview and party M-G-M tossed to show "The Student Prince." Both screening (*Continued on page* 103)



e West was never as wild as Jerry Lewis, here h wife Patti, when he and Dean Martin enter- ned at fund-raising whoopee for Share, Inc.



o's, where benefit was held, turned into a ch house for the occasion. Doris Day, with sband Marty, helped spark idea for the party

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVE

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



Magnificent Obsession U-I, TECHNICOL

✓✓✓✓ With more accent on personal drama and less on a inspirational message, the second film version of the wel known novel is as compelling as the first. Jane Wyman at her dependable best, playing the courageous heroine wh is suddenly widowed and later loses her eyesight. But is Rock Hudson who makes the stronger impression, as th wealthy, irresponsible young man indirectly at fault in bot of Jane's tragedies. Established before this as an action-fil hero, Rock shows splendid acting progress. He's convincin both as a cheerful wastrel and as a surgeon dedicated t serving humanity. Secondary to the romance between th reformed Rock and the blinded Jane is a gentle love stor teaming Barbara Rush and Gregg Palmer—two youn people who've long deserved this good a break. FAMI

Sightless, Jane tries to "see" the contours of Rock's fac



Best Acting: Marlon Brando

On the Waterfront COLUMB

✓✓✓✓ Marlon Brando has a rewarding assignment in thi smashing melodrama, full of the frightening sounds an sights of racket-haunted docks. Through the influence o his brother (Rod Steiger), Marlon has been drawn into th gang headed by Lee J. Cobb. He serves the racketeers unt a girl (Eva Marie Saint) and a fighting priest (Kar Malden) awaken his sleeping conscience. Eva's brother wa a longshoreman who wanted to expose the crooks domina ing his union; Karl takes a searching interest in the prol lems of his cowed, misled parishioners. The central idea i familiar, but the movie's details and atmosphere are fres and powerful. Much of it was shot in the metropolitan are of New York City, where explosive headlines have recorde similar situations, not yet resolved. FAMI

Moments with Eva Marie Saint help in Marlon's regeneratio



Best Acting: Jane Powell

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers M-G-M, CINEM SCOPE, ANSCO COL

✓✓✓✓ A honey of a musical performance by Jane Powe —her sprightliest so far—takes on added charm from th general buoyancy of this tune-film. It's unusual all the wa from the moment Howard Keel, a bearded frontiersma blows into town to shop for provisions—including a wif Jane, a slavey at the local inn, accepts his proposal. Sh imagines a quiet life on the farm, alone with her husban A shock is in store; he has six husky, only half-civilize brothers. Once she gets these boys tamed, each yearns t have a wife for himself. They take riotous measures to ge their girls. Among the brothers are likable Jeff Richard and Russ Tamblyn—and skilled dancers borrowed fro the ballet. The songs are delightful; the dance sequence are done in richly imaginative style. FAMI

A rickety bed gives Jane and Howard a wedding-night laug

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 29 • BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 104 • MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE

P

All the Passion and Pageantry of Knighthood's Epic Age!

The Story of England's Outlaw Knight
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his love to win the forbidden lips of
a kingdom's ravishing beauty!



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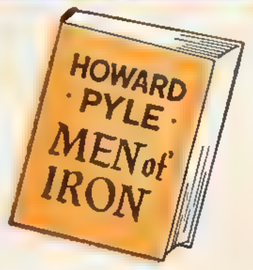
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starring TONY CURTIS · JANET LEIGH

DAVID FARRAR · BARBARA RUSH · HERBERT MARSHALL

with Torin Thatcher · Daniel O'Herlihy · Rhys Williams

Directed by RUDOLPH MATÉ · Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY · Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR and MELVILLE TUCKER



Universal International

MOVIES

CONTINUED

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



Garden of Evil 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOL

✓✓✓ Again, a yarn about men hungry for gold provid lusty action entertainment. Bound for California's new discovered lodes, Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark and Ca eron Mitchell get side-tracked in Mexico. Susan Haywa offers them money to come to the rescue of her husba (Hugh Marlowe), hurt in an accident at their remote mi The party's wilderness trek covers savage and beautif scenes, filmed on location. As a taciturn Texan, Coop shares the hero's stint with Widmark, who has the choic role. Dick's a gallant, philosophical gambler, with a scou drelly appearance and gentlemanly instincts. Mitchell's itchy-fingered, craven-hearted gunman. After Susan a her gold mine have set all these personalities to clashin Indians furnish a gory finale. FAMI

The gold craze causes plenty of trouble, Gary warns Sus



Her Twelve Men M-G-M, ANSCO COL

✓✓✓ Well, hello, *Mrs. Chips!* Greer Garson's role in th story of an exclusive school for boys recalls her first Holl wood hit, except that she, rather than her husband, becom the beloved teacher. With no teaching experience, she timid about taking on the dozen young hellions of the tit But she finds that these sons of the wealthy are wistf children, usually unwanted at home. A particular proble child is unruly Tim Considine, Barry Sullivan's boy. Gree problems are complicated by the fact that she's the schoo first female teacher, resented by her pupils and by a gr fellow instructor, Robert Ryan. It's a frankly sentiment tale, somehow removed from reality. But the little bo are appealing, and there are pleasant touches of hum Romance links Greer with both Barry and Bob. FAMI

Greer sees to it that neglected Ronald MacDonald gets m



Living It Up PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOL

✓✓✓ "Nothing Sacred," well-remembered movie comed lent its plot and its heroine's name to the Broadway "Hazel Flagg." Now, with the sexes of the principals versed, the same story returns to the screen as a row Martin-Lewis farce. Jerry's a wistful small-towner led believe that he has only a short time to live; Dean's t alleged physician who makes the mistaken diagnosis. A Janet Leigh's very pert and smart as the New York new paper gal who decides Jerry's plight is wonderful headli material. Off she goes to treat Jerry to a final fling in t big city. The satirical angles of the first movie version g lost, but laughs remain plentiful. (Objection: No illness really funny, but these days radiation poisoning is abo as unfunny as you can get.) FAMI

With Dean's coaching, Jerry plays invalid to delude Jan

P FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE NEXT PAGE • BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 104 • MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE

Casts of Current Pictures

GARDEN OF EVIL—20th. Directed by Henry Hathaway: *Hooker,* Gary Cooper; *Leah Fuller,* Susan Hayward; *Fiske,* Richard Widmark; *John Fuller,* Hugh Marlowe; *Luke Daly,* Cameron Mitchell; *Singer,* Rita Moreno; *Vicente Madariaga,* Victor Manuel Mendoza.

GONE WITH THE WIND—M-G-M. Directed by Victor Fleming: *Gerald O'Hara,* Thomas Mitchell; *Ellen O'Hara,* Barbara O'Neil; *Scarlett O'Hara,* Vivien Leigh; *Suellen O'Hara,* Evelyn Keyes; *Carreen O'Hara,* Ann Rutherford; *Brent Tarleton,* George Reeves; *Stuart Tarleton,* Fred Crane; *Mammy,* Hattie McDaniel; *Pork,* Oscar Polk; *Prissy,* Butterfly McQueen; *Jonas Wilkerson,* Victor Jory; *Big Sam,* Everett Brown; *John Wilkes,* Howard Hickman; *India Wilkes,* Alicia Rhett; *Ashley Wilkes,* Leslie Howard; *Melanie Hamilton,* Olivia de Havilland; *Charles Hamilton,* Rand Brooks; *Frank Kennedy,* Carroll Nye; *Rhett Butler,* Clark Gable; *Aunt "Pittypat" Hamilton,* Laura Hope Crews; *Uncle Peter,* Eddie Anderson; *Doctor Meade,* Harry Davenport; *Mrs. Meade,* Leona Roberts; *Mrs. Merriwether,* Jane Darwell; *Belle Watling,* Ona Munson.

HER TWELVE MEN—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard: *Jan Stewart,* Greer Garson; *Joe Hargrave,* Robert Ryan; *Richard Y. Oliver, Sr.,* Barry Sullivan; *Dr. Avord Barrett,* Richard Haydn; *Barbara Dunning,* Barbara Lawrence; *Ralph Munsey,* James Arness; *Homer Curtis,* Rex Thompson; *Richard Y. Oliver, Jr.,* Tim Considine.

HOBSON'S CHOICE—U.A. Directed by David Lean; *Henry Horatio Hobson,* Charles Laughton; *Willie Mossop,* John Mills; *Maggie Hobson,* Brenda de Banzie; *Alice Hobson,* Daphne Anderson; *Vicky Hobson,* Prunella Scales; *Albert Prosser,* Richard Wattis; *Freddy Beenstock,* Derek Blomfield.

LIVING IT UP—Paramount. Directed by Norman Taurog: *Steve,* Dean Martin; *Homer,* Jerry Lewis; *Wally Cook,* Janet Leigh; *The Mayor,* Edward Arnold; *Oliver Stone,* Fred Clark; *Jitterbug Dancer,* Sheree North.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: *Helen Phillips,* Jane Wyman; *Bob Merrick,* Rock Hudson; *Joyce Phillips,* Barbara Rush; *Nancy Ashford,* Agnes Moorehead; *Randolph,* Otto Kruger; *Tom Masterson,* Gregg Palmer; *Valerie,* Sara Shane; *Dr. Giraud,* Paul Cavanagh.

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY—G-B-D International. Directed by Jacques Tati: *Mr. Hulot,* Jacques Tati; *Martine,* Nathalie Pascaud; *The Aunt,* Michelle Rolla; *The Old Maid,* Valentine Camax; *The Boatman,* Louis Perrault; *The Colonel,* Andre Dubois; *The Hotel Proprietor,* Lucien Fregis; *The Waiter,* Raymond Carl.

ON THE WATERFRONT—Columbia. Directed by Elia Kazan: *Terry Malloy,* Marlon Brando; *Father Barry,* Karl Malden; *Johnny Friendly,* Lee J. Cobb; *Charley the Gent,* Rod Steiger; *K. O. Dugan,* Pat Henning; *Edie,* Eva Marie Saint; *Joey Doyle,* John Finnegan; *Jimmy Collins,* Art Keegan; *Moose,* Rudy Bond; *Luke,* Don Blackman; *Mutt,* John Hilderbrand; *Pop Doyle,* John Hamilton; *Big Mac,* James Westerfield; *"J. P." Morgan,* Barry MacCollum; *Glover,* Leif Erickson; Tony Galento, Tami Mauriello, Abe Simon, Fred Gwynne, Mike O'Dowd.

OUTLAW STALLION, THE—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *Doc Woodrow,* Phil Carey; *Mary Saunders,* Dorothy Patrick; *Danny Saunders,* Billy Gray; *Hagen,* Roy Roberts; *Wagner,* Gordon Jones; *Rigo,* Trevor Bardette; *Sheriff Fred Plummer,* Morris Ankrum.

RING OF FEAR—Warners. Directed by James Edward Grant: Clyde Beatty; *Frank Wallace.* Pat O'Brien; Mickey Spillane: *Dublin,* Sean McClory; *Valerie St. Denis,* Marian Carr; *Armond St. Denis,* John Bromfield; *Gonzalez,* Gonzalez-Gonzalez; Jane Beatty; *Twitchy,* Emmett Lynn.

ROYAL TOUR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PHILIP, THE—20th. Supervised by Sir Gordon Craig: documentary.

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS—M-G-M. Directed by Stanley Donen: *Adam,* Howard Keel; *Benjamin,* Jeff Richards; *Gideon,* Russ Tamblyn; *Frank,* Tommy Rall; *Daniel,* Marc Platt; *Caleb,* Matt Mattox; *Ephraim,* Jacques d'Amboise; *Milly,* Jane Powell; *Dorcas,* Julie Newmeyer; *Alice,* Nancy Kilgas; *Sarah,* Betty Carr; *Liza,* Virginia Gibson; *Ruth,* Ruta Kilmonis; *Martha,* Norma Doggett.

UNCONQUERED, THE—Margolies. Documentary, narrated by Katharine Cornell.

VALLEY OF THE KINGS—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Pirosh: *Mark Brandon,* Robert Taylor; *Ann Mercedes,* Eleanor Parker; *Philip Mercedes,* Carlos Thompson; *Hamed Bachkour,* Kurt Kasznar; *Tuareg Chief,* Victor Jory; *Valentine Arko,* Leon Askin; *Father Anthimos,* Aldo Silvani; *Dancer,* Samia Gamal.

VANISHING PRAIRIE, THE—Disney. Directed by James Algar: documentary.



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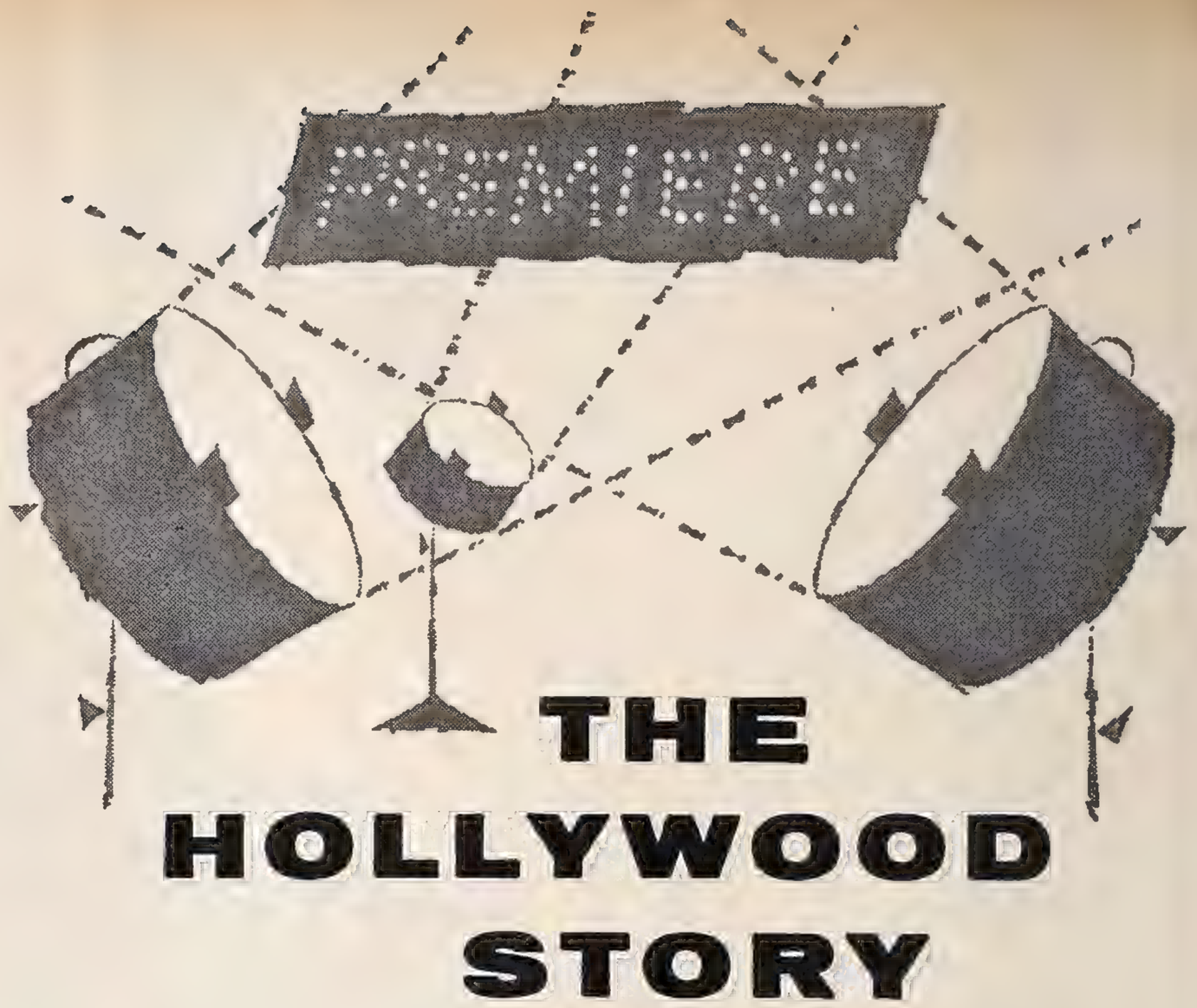
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THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS *Hollywood Correspondent for NBC-Radio*

It started in a drugstore, where so many stories of two young people begin. It was the familiar pattern: an unknown boy and girl making believe they are famous, making believe the chocolate soda is champagne.

She was a model, doing all right. There were weeks when it looked as wonderful, exciting and glamorous as she had hoped it would be, but there were too many times when it seemed that she would never make the grade, when she could jingle her bank account in the palm of her hand. After a dreary day of trudging from agency to agency, from one photographer to the next, without success, she would stop at the midtown drugstore and have a soda before going to her tiny room to dream.

By coincidence, she was usually served by the same handsome, forceful young man. At first, their relationship was limited to the conventional "How are you today?" and "Nice weather we're having." Since she came in at a slack time of day, he was free to talk —and soon they were exchanging tales of hardship and dreams of the future. He was having as little luck landing a job in the theatre as she was in setting the modeling world aflame. It won't always be like this, they told each other —and believed it, as young people will.

Then, in a whirlwind series of unexpected events, she was plucked out of anonymity, whisked away to Hollywood, given intensive private dramatic lessons by a leading producer-director and launched into sudden prominence of movie fame. Overnight, with only one picture, she was a star. Studios clamored for her services, tempting roles were offered to her. Still, she remembered her soda-serving friend. At parties, when executives talked about the need for fresh talent, for new faces she would tell of the impression this young man had made on her.

"Oh, we're sure he's quite a man," they would say, and add, smiling, "but after all, a soda jerk . . ."

Meanwhile, he had been able to get a small role on Broadway, then another and then a good part—and finally, he, too, was brought to the movie capital. But success was not to be sudden. He suffered through second leads and small roles. He didn't call his friend, because she might think him presumptuous, might think he needed work, might offer him something out of pity rather than because of his talent.

One day he made his mark. It took one movie, the right one. Soon after he became a star, the trade papers and movie columnists announced that the boy and the girl would be the leads in a big new picture. The workers on the set, the first day of production, couldn't understand why these two rushed to each other with such broad smiles.

But then they didn't know that the model was Lauren Bacall and the soda jerk was Kirk Douglas.

Listen to Shirley Thomas From Hollywood *on NBC Radio in the Pacific Coast area at 5:30 p.m. P.D.T. Sundays. Also to "Shirley Thomas Reports" on* Weekend, *4-6 p.m. E.D.T. over NBC Radio. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.*

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

George Sanders' caustic quip about the Gabor Sister act that failed to light up the sky:
"It was the first time in history three hens laid one egg."

Dorothy Shay is telling it:
A group of Boy Scouts helped out by acting as wounded citizens in a mock air raid. The first-aid squad got behind on its schedule and one little Cub scout waited to be rescued for over an hour. When the squad finally arrived, they found a note where the boy should have been. It read: I had to go home so I died."

Groucho Marx walked into a noisy movie-town night club. The hostess asked him where he would like to sit. Groucho frowned at the deafening din and said: "Across the street."

Overheard at the Palm Springs Biltmore: "He's such an egotist he's always me-deep in conversation."

An Irma-brained starlet was asked if she had seen "Annapurna," the movie about mountain climbing.
"I don't think so," she replied. "You see one of those Italian glamour girls and you've seen them all."

It's Phil Silvers' theory:
"When a woman can't get the man she wants, heaven help the man she gets."

Susan Hayward's wordage about Mexican men after a south of the border trip:
"They're just like American men—always thinking about just one thing—how late it is."

Ed Wynn says: "There's only one time a man should marry a woman for her money—when he can't get it any other way."

Sign on a bebopper's tombstone:
"Don't Dig Me Now—I'm Real Gone."

During Marlon Brando's suspension for refusing to appear in "The Egyptian," Jerry Lewis sent this telegram to Darryl Zanuck, producer of the delayed film:
"Why worry about Brando? I look stunning in a toga, have own Sphinx, will travel."

When coffee was $1.10 a pound in Hollywood, Pinky Lee announced a celebration:
"I'm going to buy my wife a mink stole and a five-pound can of coffee."

A damsel in a nudist colony, it's being told, saw a photo of Marilyn Monroe in a Bikini bathing suit and hissed:
"Clothes horse!"

After a visit to Las Vegas, Donald O'Connor and Sidney Miller came up with a new song parody: "Take My Hand, I'm a Stranger to a Pair o' Dice."

Title for the autobiography of an egotistical actress:
"The ME Around Us."

See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station

TUSSY...

THE INSTANT DEODORANT

Instantly stops perspiration odor... checks moisture!





Works fast... no waiting to dry! It's the modern speed deodorant; starts to work at once. Checks perspiration moisture. Stops odor and *keeps* it stopped all day long. Actually suppresses odor-forming bacteria.

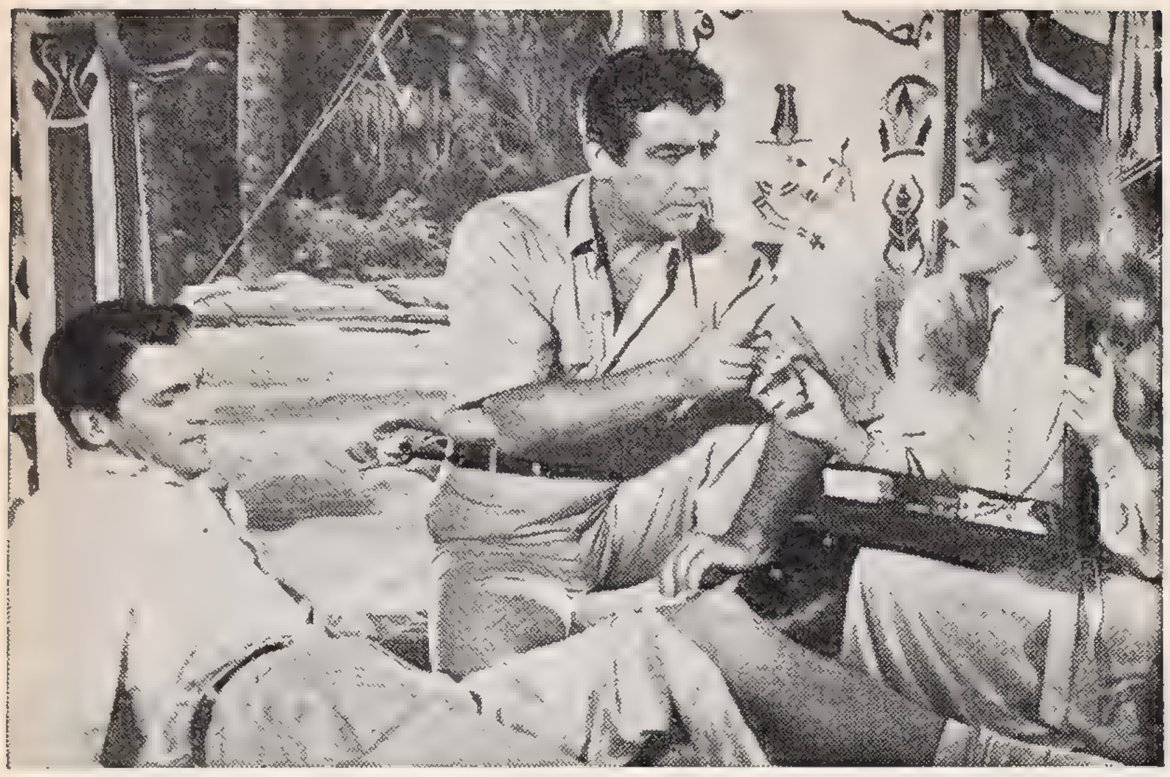
You don't become immune to its effects! Month in, month out... year in, year out...every day you use it, it protects your daintiness.

Beautifies underarm skin. It's a cosmetic! It's a lovely *cream* deodorant made with a face-cream base. Makes skin softer, smoother, and prettily presentable in bare arm fashions.

Tussy Cream Deodorant is safe for normal skin and the most delicate of fabrics. Won't dry in jar. Only 50¢ and $1.
Carry a Tussy Stick Deodorant when you travel. $1.
Prices plus reduced tax.



TUSSY cream and stick deodorants



Bob and Eleanor prepare first aid for Carlos, stung by a scorpion

Valley of the Kings

M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Out of history and science springs a tale of high adventure in a series of magnificent locales. Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, Carlos Thompson and other members of the cast journeyed to Egypt to film the exotic story. Bob's an unscholarly-seeming archaeologist, a tough character who likes liquor and the ladies. As the daughter of an archaeologist, Eleanor wants to carry out her late father's mission: to find the tomb of the Pharaoh who ruled when Joseph was in Egypt, in the hope that it will hold writings to corroborate the Old Testament story. Of course, these tombs also contain gold and gems of fabulous value, for centuries the prey of robbers. Carlos, Eleanor's husband, is a dealer in art objects, and Bob suspects him of dealing in hot antiquities. The trio's search for the lost tomb has all the excitement of a detective story, with gunplay and general skulduggery at every turn. There's the added drama of a love triangle in these romantic, ancient settings. Though the story's period is 1900, recent headlined discoveries in Egypt give it strong current interest. FAMILY

The Unconquered

MARGOLIES

✓✓✓✓ The story of Helen Keller, one of the most remarkable women of our time, has been recorded in a documentary film that would move any audience to tears. And yet it is not a sad picture. Miss Keller is seen first at home, as she is today, then (in still photographs) as a beautiful child and young girl. At the age of two, an illness left her totally deaf and blind, in a solitary world of her own. But a wise and loving teacher managed to communicate with the little girl, to help her become finally a highly educated woman, whose life has been dedicated to serving the world's handicapped. Miss Keller is seen meeting the famous from Mark Twain to President Eisenhower. She is even seen, her dignity unimpaired, starring in a rather ridiculous silent movie. But the most inspiring sequences reveal how she lives and works today. The face of Helen Keller at seventy-four is unforgettable—eager and serenely happy. FAMILY

Hobson's Choice

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Charles Laughton makes one of his welcome and now rare movie appearances in a warm and witty British comedy. He's a pompous bootmaker in northern England around the turn of the century, a widower who bullies his three unmarried daughters. The oldest, smoothly portrayed by statuesque Brenda de Banzie, rebels and proves she's as formidable a personality as her old man. She dragoons John Mills, a humble worker in the shop, into marrying her. Because he has a special gift for making fine shoes, she sets him up in business in opposition to her father. Then she maneuvers Laughton into furnishing dowries for her two younger sisters, so they can marry the men they love. FAMILY

The Vanishing Prairie

DISNEY, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The second of Walt Disney's feature-length, live-action nature studies is even more amazing than the first ("The Living Desert"). This is a picture of America's great plains as they must have looked before the white man or the Indian roamed there. Again we find a wonderful mixture of drama and comedy in the daily lives of wild creatures: the mating dance of the whooping cranes; the sinister grace of a mountain lion on the prowl; the bravado of a prairie dog angrily trying to chase a buffalo away from its burrow. FAMILY

Mr. Hulot's Holiday

G-B-D INTERNATIONAL

✓✓✓✓ Here's a mad, completely off-beat French movie, calculated to please special tastes. Some of its talk is in French, some in English; but in effect it's a silent movie. Its sound track makes amusing use of voices, along with sounds and music, but its humor is chiefly in terms of action. Jacques Tati is the happy, hapless *Mr. Hulot*, who arrives in his wheezing jalopy at a seaside resort, cheerfully intent on having a good time. Everything doublecrosses him: A boat gently folds up in the middle as he's paddling around; a horse refuses to cooperate when he wants to accompany a pretty girl on a canter. The picture has literally no plot at all; it's constructed more like a piece of music, with the antics of various eccentric vacationers as recurring themes. FAMILY

The Royal Tour of Queen Elizabeth and Philip

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ On CinemaScope's ample screen, ideal for a travelogue, movie-goers are taken along with Britain's royal couple on their air and sea trip to various outposts of the Commonwealth, from Australia to Gibraltar. The picture isn't as impressive, as full of patriotic feeling and historical meaning as the movie record of Elizabeth's coronation. Still, it should satisfy any would-be traveler who can only dream of faraway places. FAMILY

Ring of Fear

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓ A three-ring circus, also a logical subject for CinemaScope, here becomes the background for a suspense melodrama. The Clyde Beatty Circus is featured, with the noted animal trainer playing himself and Pat O'Brien stepping in as manager. Another real-life celebrity cast as himself, Mickey Spillane, is called upon to unravel the mystery of the "accidents" that have begun to plague the show. However, the audience is in on the solution from the start: Sean McClory, a homicidal maniac who's escaped from an asylum, has returned to his old job as ringmaster and is paying off a grudge against Beatty. McClory also has designs on aerialist Marian Carr, an ex-sweetheart of his, now happily wed to her partner, John Bromfield. FAMILY

The Outlaw Stallion

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Mountain vistas and a lot of handsome horseflesh in action are the main attractions of this modest Western. Over the objections of his pretty young mother (Dorothy Patrick), Billy Gray is eager to capture and break a white stallion, leader of a wild herd, even though his father was killed by a wild horse. Neighbor Phil Carey endangers his courtship of the widow by taking the boy's side in the argument. The story's complicated by a gang of ornery "horse-runners." FAMILY

Gone with the Wind

SELZNICK, M-G-M; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The famous epic of the Civil War, originally released in 1939, is being officially revived this summer. No movie-goer should miss it, and many will want to see it again. Its characters have become almost legendary in the history of Hollywood: Vivien Leigh's spirited, often unscrupulous *Scarlett O'Hara*, sheltered Southern belle who fights courageously for existence when her civilization lies in ruins around her; Clark Gable's swaggering *Rhett Butler*, blockade-runner. FAMILY

READERS INC. . .

(*Continued from page 24*)

I would like to know the name of the man who played *Dunn* in "Riot in Cell Block 11." How old is he?

MARIAN THIELE
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

Thirty-three-year-old Neville Brand played the leader of rioting convicts.—ED.

Would you please tell me why . . . we never see pictures of Susan Hayward, June Allyson and Shelley Winters in bathing suits or shorts? . . . Could you also tell me how old June Allyson and Barbara Stanwyck are?

TERRY BARNHART
Sherkston, Ontario

Many established stars tend to resist photographs which class as "cheesecake." June is 30; Barbara is a young 47.—ED.

Who was the actor who played *Johnny*, the young soldier, in "Night People?" Let's see more of him.

M. S.
Wilmington, Delaware

That was newcomer, Ted Avery.—ED.

I would like some information on the handsome actor who played *Phillipe* in "Thunder Bay." Who is he and where may I obtain a photo of him?

RUBY FUJITA
Ewa, Hawaii

His name is Robert Monet, and you may write him c/o Universal-International.—ED.

I have just seen "The Glenn Miller Story" and it was . . . wonderful. Please tell me what happened to Mrs. Miller after his death. Did she remarry? I know many people are interested . . . since he had so many fans.

JANET MANN
Kansas City, Missouri

Since her husband's death, Mrs. Miller has led a secluded life in San Marino, California with her two children. She has not remarried. She did act as an adviser for some of the more personal sequences during the filming of the story.—ED.

Exactly what part did Marilyn Monroe play in "All about Eve?" . . .

RUTH BON FLEUR
Daytona Beach, Florida

Marilyn had a brief role as one of the guests at Bette Davis' birthday party in the picture.—ED.

There's a real terrific gal over at M-G-M by the name of Debbie Reynolds. This chick is no square. Her looks are the coolest, her singing and dancing the gonest and her acting the sheerest. As the title of one of her movies says, "Give a Girl a Break."

Put our pint-size stick of dynamite in a movie that will really turn the goofs to solids and make the critics say, "Man, where have we been?"

This gal's got the most, to say the least. How old is she?

POKEY
Toledo, Ohio

Twenty-two.—ED

I thought Columbia was going to make "Not as a Stranger." Now I hear that it will be United Artists. Please set me straight.

A. G.
Brooklyn, New York

Stanley Kramer will produce it for United Artists—not for Columbia, as Photoplay stated last month.—ED

Gives your hair
that "cared for" look . . .
WITHOUT OILY AFTER-FILM

(*Suddenly he takes a new interest in you!*)

No other hairdressing
leaves hair so
natural looking . . .

(*You look prettier than you have in months!*)

Gives your hair
healthy-looking glow
. . . relieves dryness

See! You feel more romantic already! . . . No other hairdressing adds so much sheer beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE* contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol . . . relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. So good for your hair! Keeps it in place . . . *lovely to behold all day long!*

HELENE CURTIS
Suave*

the HAIRDRESSING
women prefer 7 to 1

2 forms, lotion, or creme (in jars),
50¢ to $1 (*plus tax*)

*TRADEMARK

That Ivory Look

Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!



Babies have That Ivory Look . . . Why shouldn't you ?

Doctors everywhere advise mild, mild Ivory Soap for the most delicate skin of all—a baby's skin. And it's this mildness—this reliable, reassuring mildness—that makes Ivory so right for your complexion, too. Shouldn't you be using Ivory Soap?



In one week—That Ivory Look for you !

Just start cleansing your skin regularly, using pure, mild Ivory Soap. In one week you'll see a look that's as beautiful as all outdoors — clearer, fresher, brighter — you'll have That Ivory Look.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap !



99 44/100% pure...it floats



Cupid Has The Last Laugh

They said Fernando's true love was publicity, Arlene's was her career. But this romance wound up with a surprise happy ending

● "The sparks began to fly," in Arlene Dahl's own words, when she first met Fernando Lamas, working with him in his M-G-M screen test. But he was then only separated from his Lydia, and Arlene refused to date him. Later, when Arlene's interlude as Mrs. Lex Barker was over, when the romance of Lana Turner and Lamas reached a fireworks finale, Arlene and Fernando finally got together. Of a certain idyllic weekend, he said, "In Palm Springs you can touch the stars. We touched a few." Gossips said Fernando was suffering from headline hunger and wounded ego, assuaging both by romancing Lex's luscious ex. But a year of steady dating went by before the sparks died and the stars blinked out—or seemed to. Maybe the absent treatment worked. Arlene went on a trip to Spain. After she came back to begin "A Woman's World" at 20th, the stars shone again. On her ring finger Fernando put a diamond-circled five-carat diamond—joined by a golden wedding band.

GLAMOUR GAMS



Stern • Dress by Amelia Gray

Neither Janet Leigh nor her pet pooch Houdina will forget that last day of work on the M-G-M lot!



Stern

Rhonda Fleming nearly died at big bonus offered if she'd change from redhead to black. But she didn't dye!

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

INSIDE STUFF

Glamour Gams: Rhonda Fleming has brains to match her beauty, which is why she refused to become a black-haired senorita in an important European movie. Even a five-thousand-dollar bonus couldn't induce her to dye the famous red hair that's become her trade mark in Hollywood . . . But Debra Paget, who became a carrot-colored blond, had to acquire a new wardrobe to complement her new personality. She displays strapless bare shoulders for all occasions, including luncheon in the studio commissary. Debbie's two favorite models are ice blue and violet organza worn with endless petticoats . . . Cyd Charisse is an eye-stopper anywhere, and especially as seen above in green. She loves red, too —and her lipstick-red summer cotton, worn when she and Tony Martin vacationed in the Virgin Islands, stopped traffic! Cyd's startling red outfit has a tiered skirt, halter neck and comes complete with cover-up jacket that converts it into a dinner dress. The Tony Martins guest spot in M-G-M's "Deep in My Heart" but they never appeared in the same scene or even worked on the lot the same day . . .

Vacation: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis got that dream vacation in Boston—except the studio put Tony into "Five Bridges to Cross" and he had to work on location! After eight eventful years at M-G-M, Jan decided to free-lance and her last day on the lot was so typical of Hollywood. With pet pooch



Smith

Kathleen Hughes: All this beautiful blond needs is a television set to make her new love—dreamy!



Stern

Vera-Ellen: She didn't believe in keeping her man waiting—to see her in her film, "White Christmas"



Apger

Cyd Charisse turned heads, stopped traffic when she and Tony Martin went on Virgin Islands vacation

A trip to romantic Rome, where she made "Three Coins in a Fountain," put Jean Peters in a marrying mood

Houdina, wearing a diamond-studded velvet collar, she posed for Christmas cover art—on the hottest day of the year! . . . Indefatigable Marge and Gower Champion finished their last number with Betty Grable in "Three for the Show" on Friday and started shooting "Jupiter's Darling" with Esther Williams on Saturday. Next stop —a cross-country concert tour. Cute story concerns Marge, who always reads local gossip columns. "It says here," she (*Continued on page* 92)

Powolny





THIS IS YOUR LIFE

BY

RALPH EDWARDS

Ornitz

ROCK'S MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

It was born of a small boy's heartache and a mother's prayers—and the wisdom of a woman close to earth. Its name is faith

● This is your magnificent year.

The whole movie-going world hails your deep and moving performance in a spiritual message for which you were long ago prepared. . . .

Your triumphant hour is born of a small boy's heartache and a mother's prayers and mellowed with the wisdom of a farm woman whose roots are as deep as the land she early taught you to love.

"We plant the seed—so . . ." she said to the small boy scuffing along the furrows of an Illinois farm. It would take both the sun and the rain to make it grow. But the seed would grow—because the soil was good. And some day the land would give it all back threefold. "We work hard—and the harvest will come. . . ."

Yes, from your German-Swiss grandmother you get faith and assurance that no matter how dark the night—the dawn finally will come and the harvest will be here.

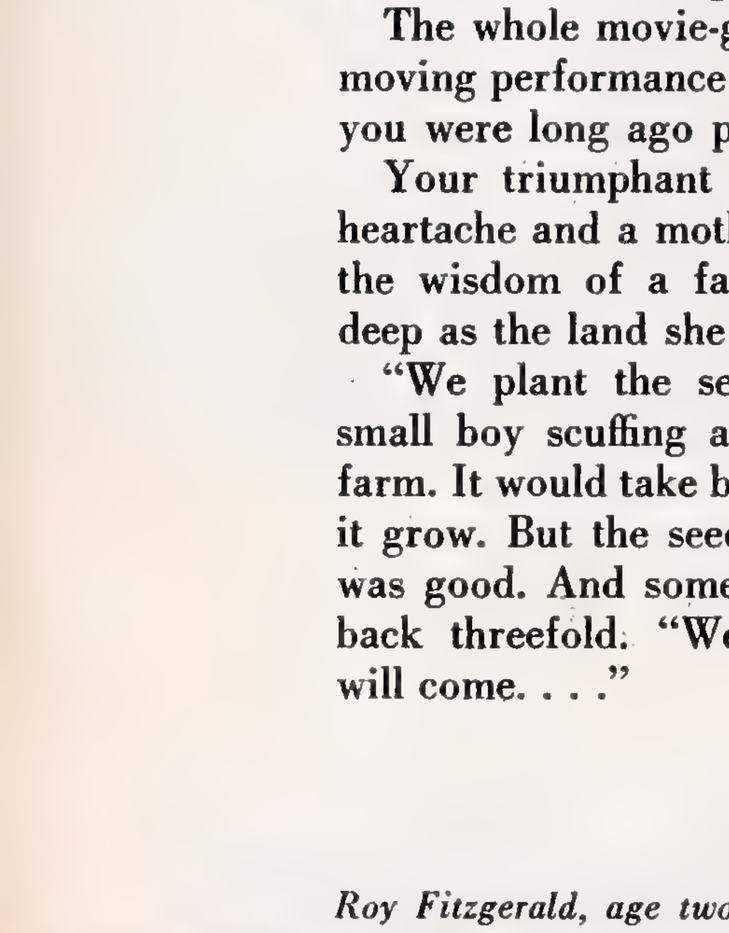
You will need this faith—and your mother's prayers—to chart your course through the dark rainy days to come, to guide you through years of discouragement, illness, accidents and poverty. Through your years, Rock Hudson—THIS IS YOUR LIFE. . . .

Turn with us as we turn back the pages in the book of time to the beginning of this boy, whose dreams and ambition—flanked by faith—have carried him right to the top in his chosen career.

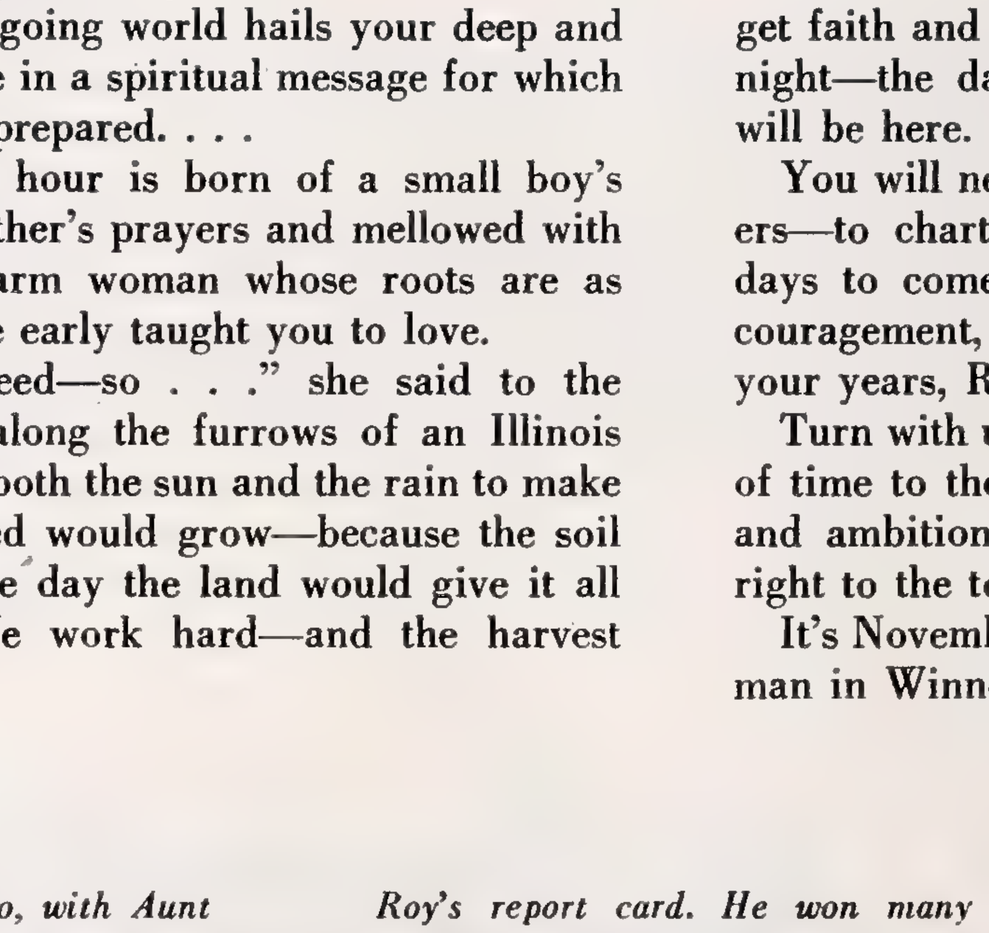
It's November 17, 1925. A son is born to a garageman in Winnetka, Illinois, and his pretty wife, Kay.

Continued

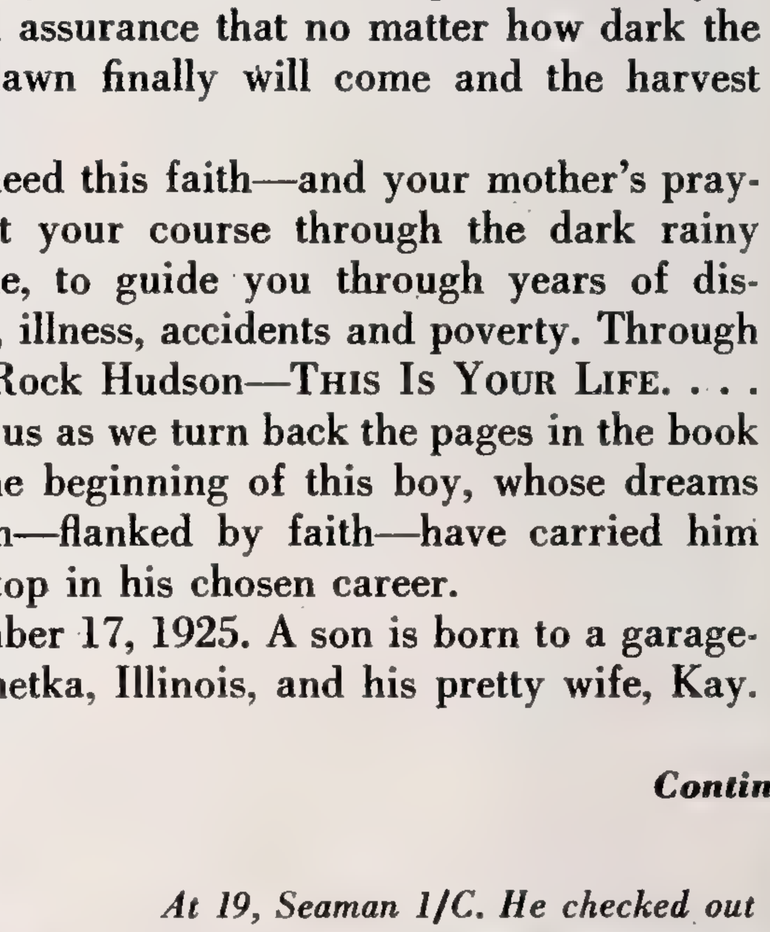
Roy Fitzgerald, age two, with Aunt Evelyn, at his grandmother's farm



Roy's report card. He won many swimming medals, sang in glee club



At 19, Seaman 1/C. He checked out Navy bombers, landed in laundry!





ROCK'S MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION *Continued*



When he got out of the Navy, Rock took job as mailman. Besides delivering mail he also collected—coffee and doughnuts!



Rock went West with his mother, got a job driving a truck. He shared quarters in small hotel with three other truckers

You weigh 5½ pounds and you're 27 inches long—so thin the nurse wraps your shirt around you to keep it on. But you're a big noise even now—according to that nurse, Pearl Scherer, today Superintendent of Nurses at Deaconese Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri—and your own Aunt Pearl.

"Yes, he was, Ralph. I was right there, and I've loved him like my own son ever since. His leg was broken in an accident when he was six months old, but Roy was the best-natured baby through it all. My nephew deserves everything good that has come to him. He's always been a good boy and a hard worker. And I'm not surprised at the name he's made. From the way Roy squalled the night he was born, I knew then he'd make himself heard as he went through life."

Your Aunt Pearl had you pegged right from the start. And we're going through the early years of your life right now, to 1929 and a four-year-old who's devoted to a dog named "Crystal." You have the widest grin and the most engaging Buster-Brown bob in town, and the relatives shed a tear when your hair is cut this year.

It's 1931. You're six years old—a very sensitive six—and you're deeply hurt when your parents separate. Your mother, heavy-hearted, can't tell you why. She goes to work, determined to be both mother and father to you.

The years between seven and ten are tough, hard years for you, Roy Fitzgerald. Your mother works as a waitress, a baby-sitter, at whatever other work she can find. You take a paper route and you're paid seventy-five cents a week at a neighborhood grocery store after school, carrying packages out to cars for customers. But there comes a day when your mother's out of work, when there are no more pennies in the cookie jar and no food in the cupboard. A day your mother, Mrs. Joseph Olsen, now happily married and living in Arcadia, California, will never forget.

"We lived for a whole week on potatoes and bread, Ralph. But the hardest part for me during times like this was not having a dime to give Roy for the weekly movie at the Community Theatre, where all the other youngsters went on Friday nights. I didn't tell my family how tough things were for us, but one day Roy's Uncle Jim came by around meal time. 'Is this *all* you have to eat?' he demanded. Without another word, he went to the store and came back with a basket overflowing with everything, including candy for Roy. This was a real celebration."

But there are fun days through childhood too, Roy, when you visit the farm of your grandparents, Lena and Theodore Scherer, near Olney, Illinois. Like any kid, you love the farm. You're a busy little man there—gathering eggs, helping feed the cows, watching them work in the fields and pumping the player-piano in the parlor—pumping and pumping—learning the words as they roll by. And from your grandmother you learn the song of the land, of seed and sun and storm, of green-growing things and the harvest to come.

Back in Winnetka, when times are finally too tough to weather, you and your mother live with your Irish grandmother, Mary Ellen Wood, whose Victorian abode also harbors your aunt and uncle and their four children during these crucial years. From her you learn laughter. For all her years, she loves to (*Continued on page* 98)

Ralph Edwards emcees This Is Your Life, *NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M. EDT*



In '47, truck driver Rock met agent Henry Willson, was given film test. In '48, he got first bit part. 1952, Rock, now a star, is introduced to British royalty at Command Performance in England



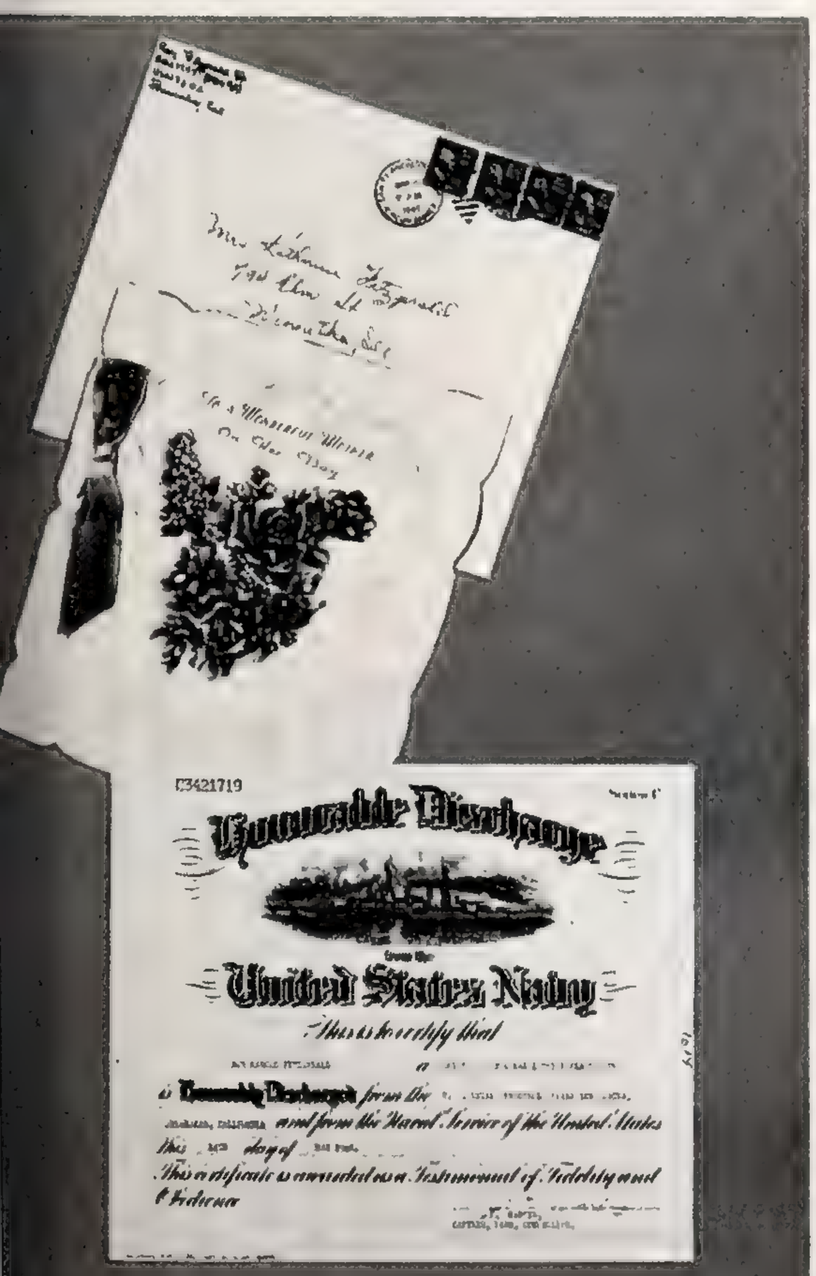
Rock's a long way from Winnetka now! But he's still the sincere, small-town type the girls go for. Vera-Ellen is first Hollywood romance



Merry, infectious laughter introduced script girl Betty Abbott to Rock, led to firm friendship that has come to mean a great deal to him

The years roll by—Rock is in a strange and exciting new world. His faith—cornerstoned on an Illinois farm—is to be tested many times

Among his mother's souvenirs: Rock's Navy discharge papers and the Mother's Day card he sent her while on duty in the Pacific



Rock's Magnificent Obsession has paid off. The faith his mother and grandmother taught him has brought him even further than his dreams



The pool looked so inviting . . . "Why don't we go in before we get started," suggested Lori. Deb, armed with paint, had gone strangely deaf!



Mixing paint's fun when everyone gets into the act. "Hey! we don't want the grass painted," said Deb—and fled from indignant brush fiends!



"You should see the food Mom's preparing for lunch," called Deb, coming out of the house. Smart girl! The gang lost no time getting to work

The water's fine after working in the sun, "Who left this paint here?" asks Deb. "Why," quipped John grinning, "we thought it was water color!"

"I thought you girls only used paint on your face," kids Race. Lori, it seems, not only painted the fence, but covered most of herself as well

"No fair pushing," Deb tells John. The Reynolds' home is rarely quiet on weekends, the pool is usually full to overflowing with Deb's pals









"You handle a brush like an artist," kids Lori. "Flattery will get you nowhere," grins Debbie, who knows Lori, like herself, is just dying to go in for a swim!

"That's that," said Debbie Reynolds' father—and stepped back to admire the picket fence he'd just finished building. "All it needs now is a coat of paint." "I'll do it," said Debbie. But then she became involved with a leading role in M-G-M's "Athena." And nights were always too dark—and the weekends too full of friends using the backyard pool! "I've got it!" said Debbie, finally. "We'll have a fence-painting party." The gang—Lori Nelson, Race Gentry, Sheila Connolly, Bob Dix, John and Milly Ericson and Frank Yapp—a high-school friend home on leave from the Navy—were ready and willing. Solemnly they surveyed the fence, put on their bathing suits —and went for a swim in the pool! It took some effort, but finally Debbie got the kids back onto dry land and into the front yard. Her father, looking out of the window a few minutes later, sighed with relief. "I was beginning to think I'd have to sneak out at dawn and do the job myself," he told his wife, grinning.

In spite of occasional fooling around, the fence was finished in an hour-and-a-half! And Deb's paint-happy gang raced back to the pool where a mountain of food was waiting for them.

When it came time to go home, John Ericson issued an invitation. "Come to our house next Sunday." Debbie grinned. "Milly mentioned it earlier . . . said something about how the windows needed washing!"

Soon all was quiet around the Reynolds' house. Mom was starting dinner, Debbie was going over her script. Dad? He was out in the yard—finishing up the places the party had missed!

JOHN ERICSON IS IN M-G-M'S "GREEN FIRE." • RACE GENTRY, IN U-I'S "BLACK HORSE CANYON." • LORI NELSON, IN U-I'S "DESTRY." • BOB DIX, IN M-G-M'S "JUPITER'S DARLING" DEBBIE REYNOLDS, IN M-G-M'S "ATHENA"

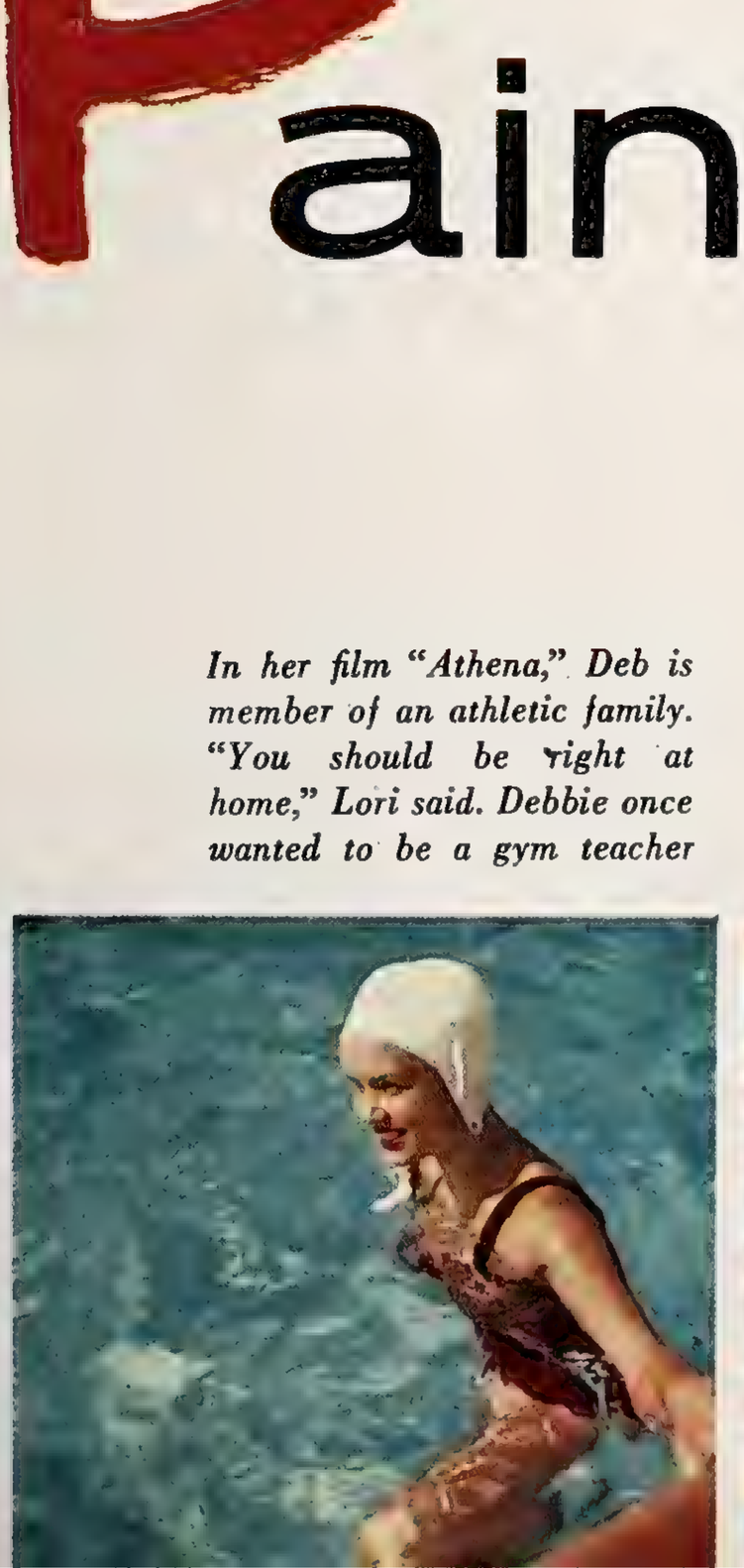
Paint works

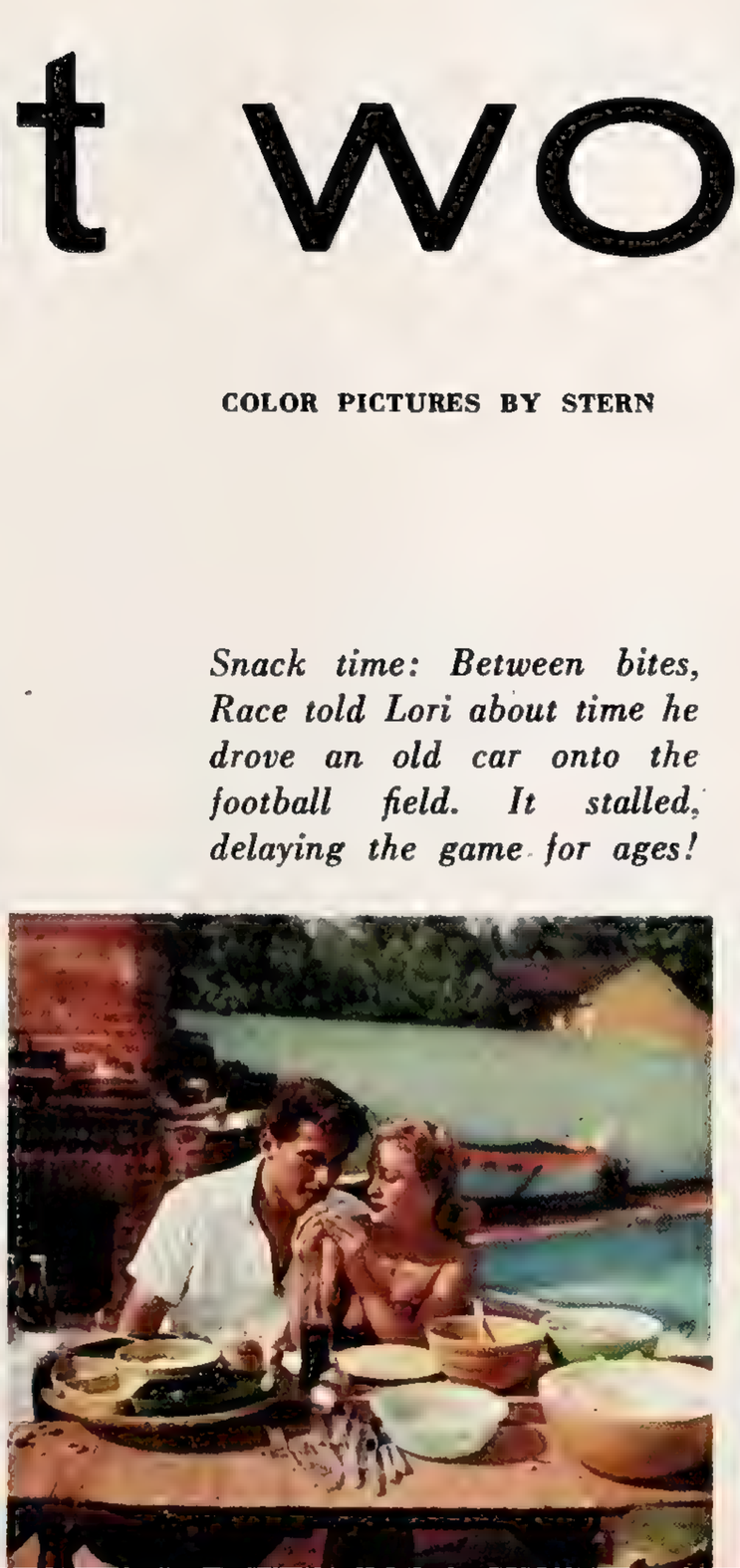
COLOR PICTURES BY STERN

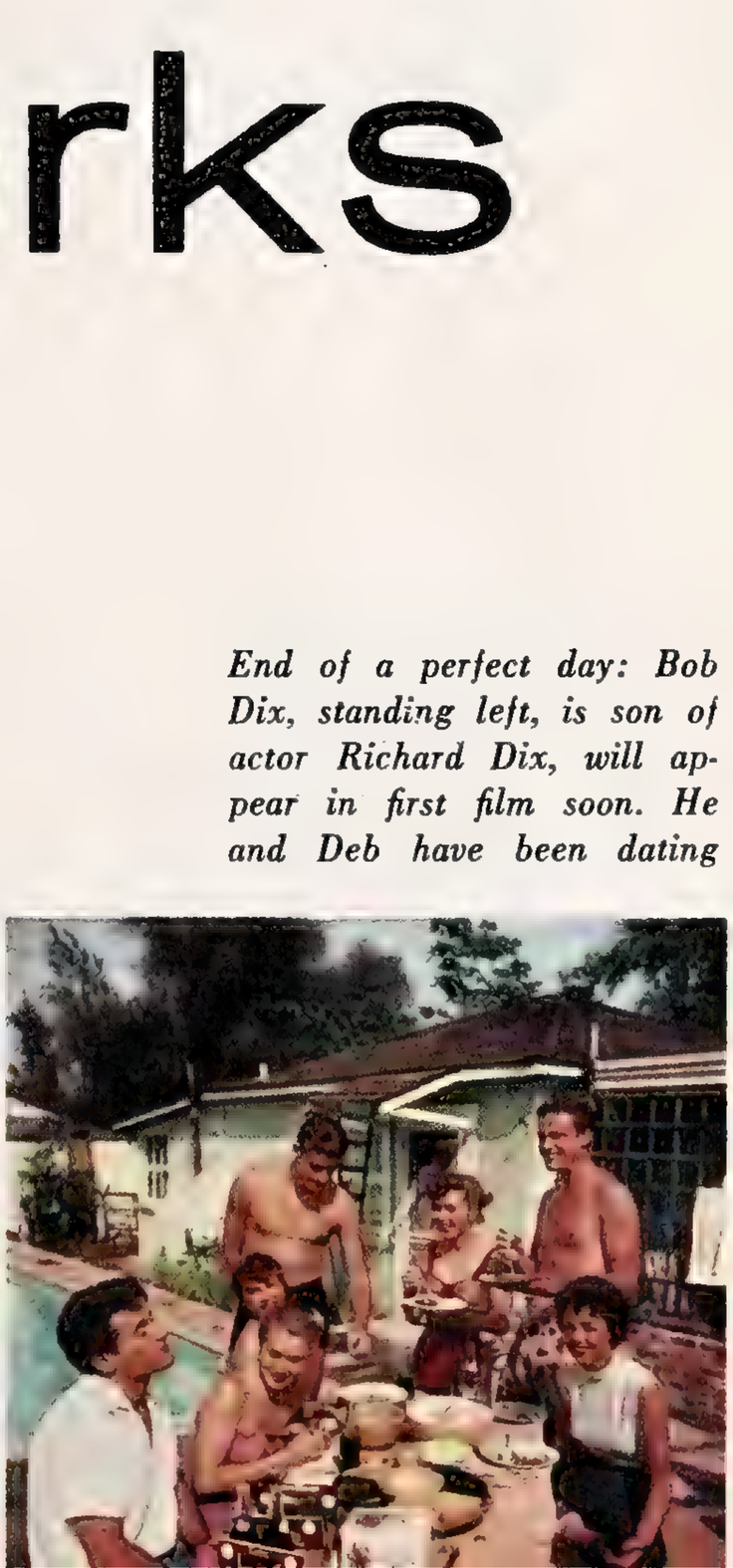
In her film "Athena," Deb is member of an athletic family. "You should be right at home," Lori said. Debbie once wanted to be a gym teacher

Snack time: Between bites, Race told Lori about time he drove an old car onto the football field. It stalled, delaying the game for ages!

End of a perfect day: Bob Dix, standing left, is son of actor Richard Dix, will appear in first film soon. He and Deb have been dating









Blackwell • Doris Day is in "Young at Heart"

WAKE UP AND LIVE !

Marty Melcher, her husband, has a lot to do with the way Doris feels these days. "Life," she says, "gets better every day. Too many people look back on past years with regret. It's a mistake. Take them as they come and that's the fullest life there is!"



Stern

BY JOHN MAYNARD

Happiness is like money in the bank, says Doris Day. It adds up with the years!

● About the chipperest little character in the movie business is Doris Day, a freckled-faced party who has nothing but the warmest sentiments for the whole universe and who is worth to her employers roughly what oil is to Standard Oil.

It has been reported of Miss Day—and with the greatest affection and respect—that in the past few years she has deliberately and successfully sought a balanced and happy existence built on a strong faith.

"There's no doubt," she said recently, "it gets better as it goes along."

"Life?" I asked.

"Of course," said Miss D. "I'm happy now, every living day. So how can I *help* but be happy in the future? I figure that by the time I'm eighty, I'll hardly be able to stand it. Happiness, I mean. It's like money in the bank, it adds up with the years!"

Meanwhile, until that long-distant day, Doris Day is the possessor of the nicest working philosophy of the 1954 season, which she expresses very well.

"My childhood was very happy," she says. "And don't think for a moment that I'm compensating for anything. But—this is true, I know it is—life opens up like a flower as you live it. You keep learning and developing and discovering new avenues for happiness. And each year is better than the ones you left behind. All those past years were great—*then.* But the new ones are greater. And that's true because you're older. You see what I mean, don't you? It follows an interlocking pattern. Life *has* to be this way, doesn't it? It's a logical sequence."

This kind of optimistic (*Continued on page 76*)

If you want to copy Doris Day's new hair-do, why not show this color picture to your favorite hair stylist



THE GUY WITH THE GRIN

Few people know the real Bill Holden.
Or the power behind
that engaging grin. For it took
more than personal
charm to bring home the Oscar!



The Holdens, with Oscar he won for "Stalag 17," have been married thirteen years. He's currently in "Sabrina"



Bill meant to be a chemist like dad William Beedle Sr. until a talent scout saw him in college play! Above, with parents, Brenda, stepdaughter Virginia, sons West, Scott

BY

DAN SENSENEY

● "Ardis and I try," Bill Holden once remarked to an interviewer, "to lead a sensible sort of life."

Now, the idea of trying to live sensibly is one which simply wouldn't occur to some Hollywood stars. Live glamorously, live excitingly, live dangerously—yes. But live sensibly? Who wants to? Sounds dull.

The Bill Holdens don't find it dull at all. For them, it is a richly satisfying way of life.

The Academy Award winner, star of "Executive Suite" and the soon-to-be-released "Bridges of Toko-Ri," and his beautiful wife celebrated their thirteenth anniversary last July 13. Theirs is one of Hollywood's good marriages. In this world, of course, nothing is certain, but it would be hard for anyone who knows these two at all well to doubt that they'll be together to celebrate their 23rd and 33rd and—God willing—their 43rd anniversaries just as happily.

Not just because they are still in love. They are, but marriages have been known to crash while the two principal parties were still deeply in love. Especially is this true in Hollywood, land of temperament and ego. Nor are Bill and Ardis, whose professional name was Brenda Marshall in the days before she gave up her acting career, lacking in these self-same qualities. But they do, both of them, have the emotional maturity to realize that lasting happiness doesn't drop into your hand like a ripe peach from the tree, but must be worked for, planned for, even sacrificed for.

They've done all three.

It was back in 1939 when Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall met. Bill was twenty-one, and it was barely a year since he'd crashed stardom with his first picture, "Golden Boy." Handsome and talented, he was getting the standard treatment for promising (*Continued on page* 89)









We've been telling all sorts of stories about June. But this is the truth...



she's nobody's baby now!

by
gladys hall

Fraker • June Allyson is in "Strategic Air Command"

THE FARM, home-place of June Allyson and her Richard, is a two-story New England farmhouse, built of fieldstone and stout oak, solid and beautiful, sitting in its 58 acres that includes a private lake atop a mountain in Mandeville Canyon, some few miles from Beverly Hills.

In the spacious living room, done in highly polished maple with antique copper utensils, a yellow love seat faces the tremendous stone fireplace. On this love seat Richard loves to take his ease. And on Richard's lap, as he takes his ease, June loves to take hers. In moments of excitement, elation, doubt, depression or just because "It is my favorite sitting place," June can usually be found—curled, kitten-size, on Richard's lap.

The other evening, a matter of weeks ago, June leaped up to answer the telephone on the small bar to the right of the fireplace.

"Oh, Harry!" Richard heard her say, her furry voice rising to a lilt. "I don't believe it, I just don't believe it!"—and then the receiver was hung up and there was a rush across the room and June was on Richard's lap again saying, "Oh, Richard, guess what—Jose Ferrer wants me to play his wife in 'The Shrike!' That was Harry, Harry (*Continued on page* 80)



In 1951, Tab Hunter played a gangling, love-sick kid in the Marines. Now, three years later, he is still in the Marines. But, what a difference! When excerpts were shown of some of Tab's love scenes in "Battle Cry," Hollywood gasped out loud. Here was no bumbling kid, but a mature young actor with an exciting quality few had expected from blond, boyish Tab. In his scenes with his boyhood sweetheart (Mona Freeman), Tab portrays all the emotions of youth matured too early by war. As Mona says to Tab, "You're strange . . . as if I didn't know you."

In this poignant love scene from "Battle Cry," the problems of youth in war are symbolized—for Mona has become an adult before her time, too, and with a woman's instinct she fights for a moment's happiness when her man returns home for two short weeks. Tab and Mona drive to the beach where they had once spent so many happy hours together in their untroubled childhood. Now, as adults, they face this new world they live in. And though for a moment they are innocent boy and girl again, Mona, wading in the water, is no longer the girl Tab used to tease. Mona is the woman Tab loves.

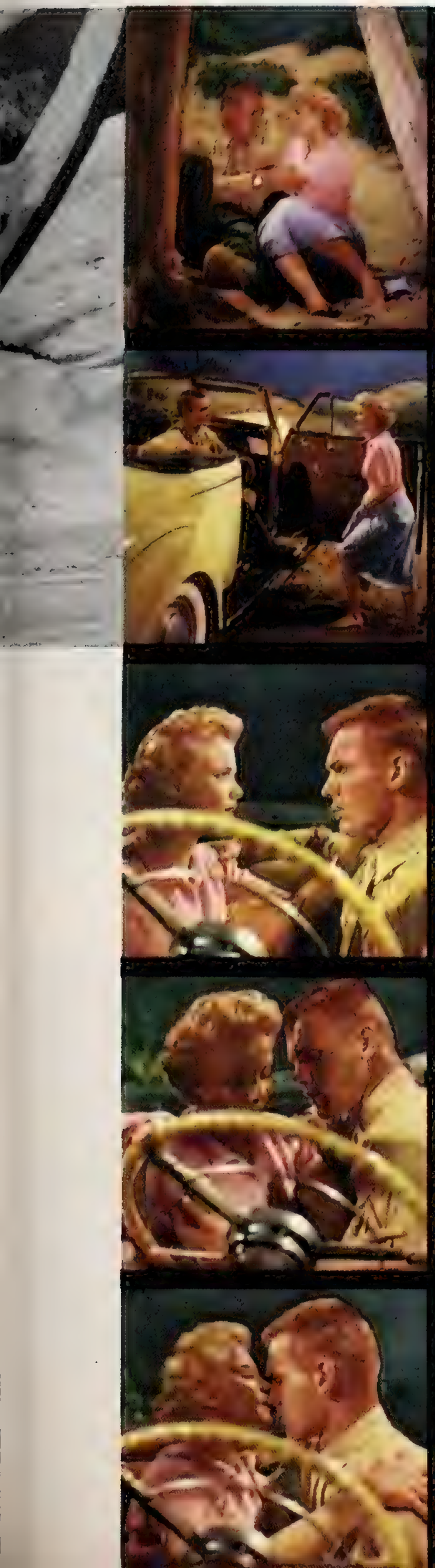
Though Tab scored a hit in his first picture, "Island of Desire," it was nearly two years before he made another film, "Gun Belt." But although in the last three years Tab has appeared in only four films, his amazing fan following has remained loyal to him. Meanwhile, he took dramatic lessons, studied everything he could to improve his acting while he was waiting for his big chance.

This, most people believe, will be "Battle Cry."

a photoplay exclusive

LOVE SCENE

Tab Hunter and Mona Freeman in scenes from Warners' "Battle Cry"







Baching it with father is fun, decides Chris. While Barbara's away, her mother is taking care of Jeff and their son

Before Barbara and Jeff married, they discussed problems of separate careers, including location trips that might part them

Stardom came overnight. Now Barbara Rush is far from home. But there is no fear for her marriage. For when opportunity knocked, it was Jeff who opened the door

BARBARA'S SHINING HOUR

Happy, healthy, well-adjusted Chris is not at all disturbed by fact that he's stuck with a pair of movie-star parents!



BY

HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

● For ten weeks, 5,500 miles of land and sea separated Barbara Rush from her husband, Jeffrey Hunter, and their son, Christopher. Was she taking serious chances with her personal happiness? To get the answer, let's take a look at Barbara Rush, actress. So far, we've heard more about Jeff Hunter, actor. Now, as the fortunes of Hollywood shift, it's his wife's turn to be in the spotlight.

Barbara was on location in Ireland, with the important role of "Aga" in "Captain Lightfoot." Yet if the decision to go or not to go had been up to Barbara alone, she would have been in California—Mrs. Jeffrey Hunter, housewife, tenderly caring for little Christopher, almost two, and caring nothing about the movie business, ex-



cept as it concerned her husband. It was Jeff who took command at a crisis in Barbara's life. It was Jeff who made up her mind for her. That's why she went to Ireland. That's why she is now a star.

Every marriage is individual, but this one has been extra-special, in a class apart, from its beginning. Before she met Jeff, Barbara had never really been in love. When she was in college, men were mighty scarce at the University of California, as they were on every other campus in a country at war. Working with the University Players and later with the Pasadena Playhouse, she was very active in the USO. Many a soldier there was charmed at first sight of her dark, slender beauty. "But I was too involved in acting," Barbara recalls. "I wasn't interested in marriage."

Then, new in movies, she met Jeff, also a beginning actor. And her work became not a barrier, but a link between them. "We were nothing," Barbara says frankly. "And we were both tremendously excited about being in motion pictures." Well, even love can't make you forget such a big part of your life. To an outsider, each of them might have seemed to be two people: Barbara, the girl in love, and Barbara Rush, the eager starlet; Hank McKinnies, the man in love, and Jeffrey Hunter, hopefully beginning a new career with his new name. But to Barbara and Hank-Jeff, each (*Continued on page* 78)



Here, in the warm words of friendship, is the real

Stern

ANN BLYTH

Ann Blyth. It is a revealing portrait of the girl Jeanne has known many years

PORTRAIT OF Ann

BY JEANNE CRAIN

Jeanne, an accomplished artist, painted this portrait of Ann before latter's baby was born. "She had something more than mere physical beauty, then," says Jeanne

●●● When I painted the portrait of my good friend Ann Blyth McNulty to accompany this story in PHOTOPLAY, she had something less than two months to wait for her first baby.

Ann has always been a beautiful girl but in those last weeks before her child was to be born she was particularly radiant, aglow—as many pregnant women are when they have yearned for children and are at last fulfilled—with something more than mere physical beauty. It was as if her very soul were shining.

On that night, Ann showed me the wonderful blue and yellow nursery she has created, delightedly pointing out the blue wallpaper with silver angels, the fluffs of pale yellow curtains at the gabled windows. And one by one she took out the wonderful little things she had prepared for her firstborn, the glamorous presents from all the gay showers, the more practical essentials which she had shopped for herself. She was so excited!

There's no time for any wife, of course, more thrilling than the months before she gives birth to her first child. I remember that myself. The later times are happy times, too, but once the first miracle is over, you can be more matter of fact the second time, or the third, or the fourth. Even so I've never seen a mother-to-be quite like Ann. It was completely in character, of course. I've never known a girl quite like her, under any circumstances.

Most women who have had Ann's brilliant success and acclaim could be forgiven, I think, for being just a little bit cynical, just a touch jaded. But not Ann. That's the really wonderful thing about her. She greets each new life experience with almost childlike wonder, enthusiasm and sheer bubbling joy.

This is why, when we met quite casually at some big, impersonal industry affair seven and a half years ago, I felt a sudden sense of affinity with this girl. And that feeling of closeness has grown with the years. We have never worked together, have never, as a matter of fact, worked at the same studio at the same time. But we have had a close, warm friendship all these years, a rare kind of friendship in this fiercely competitive town of ours.

We have held nothing back from one another, so I knew long ago, many years before she found her Dr. Jim McNulty and married him in one of the most moving wedding ceremonies I have ever seen, that what Ann wanted more than anything else in the world was a husband, a home of her own and children. Lots of children. I already had much of what Ann wanted even then, because Paul and I had been married for several months when we first met Ann. Little Paul already was on his way. And we had our first Home of Our Own. (All of you who have acquired it will know why I use the capitals.) We had what Ann wanted most. She didn't envy what we had—envy is just not a part of her make-up—but she valued it. And because she valued it and *we* valued it, we wanted it for her.

I worried a lot about Ann in those early years of our friendship. I wonder if she knows how much.

She was working so hard at her career that I was afraid she was almost putting off her personal life. (*Continued on page* 88)

WIN a Present

Stern



For the girl who wants to stay in the glamour swim, Jeanne Crain's gift is a figure-flattering bathing suit by Rose-Marie Reid

Stern



Need storage space for trousseau dreams? Suzan Ball has the perfect gift for the lucky winner—a beautiful Lane Cedar Chest

Stern



Collectors' item: Here's an exciting prize for young moderns—an original painting by talented Tony Curtis, signed by the artist

Smith



If the ordinary alarm clocks alarm you, here's just the present for you—from Lex Barker. A gracefully designed Sylvania Clock Radio

from a Star

See the following pages for details of contest

Stern



Triple treat: From Rhonda Fleming, a year's supply of Pond's "Ever-So-Red" lipstick with matching dress and coat

Stern



Put your wits to work and you'll have a chance to travel in style if you win this Samsonite luggage from Susan Cabot

Stern



Piper Laurie's gift—year's supply of Cutex "Cute Tomata" nail polish, with ripe red jacket, "Cute Tomata" pants

Stern



Every puff's a pleasure! For the guy who likes to relax with a pipe, Race Gentry will send this Kaywoodie pipe

Stern



This one's for the boys; Jeff Chandler prefers plaid sport shirts—personally chose this as his gift to some lucky guy

Ornitz



'Twill be a great day for the Irish! Rock Hudson, in Ireland for "Captain Lightfoot," is mailing a shillelagh!

Continued on next page

WIN a Present from a Star

Continued

• At Universal-International Studios, young players are given a chance to prove they have what it takes to be a star. Now this studio is giving Photoplay readers a chance—to win fifty wonderful prizes. So send in that winning line and get a present from a Universal-International star!



Hats off to the guy who wins this—from Audie Murphy, the ten-gallon hat he wore in latest picture, "Destry"

PRIZES	DONORS
1. Rose Marie Reid swimsuit	Jeanne Crain
2. Lane Cedar Chest	Suzan Ball
3. Original painting	Tony Curtis
4. Sylvania Clock Radio	Lex Barker
5. Year's supply of Pond's "Ever-So-Red" lipstick to match "Ever-So-Red" wool knit-sweater dress by Helen Whiting and Stroock fleece coat by Ronette. State size.	Rhonda Fleming
6. Samsonite luggage	Susan Cabot
7. Year's supply of Cutex "Cute Tomata" nail polish to match ripe red jacket and tapered "Cute Tomata" pants by Cole of California. State size.	Piper Laurie
8. Kaywoodie pipe	Race Gentry
9. Plaid sport shirt	Jeff Chandler
10. Irish shillelagh	Rock Hudson

PRIZES CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



Myrna Hansen's dreamy gift—two Playtex Heart-rest foam pillows. But you'll have to be wide-awake to win them!



Someone is going to walk away with a honey of a present from Lori Nelson—a pair of Honeydeb's smart play shoes



Special treat for music lovers: Donald O'Connor's gift, autographed Decca album of "Call Me Madam" songs



Smart accessory for the girl with the winning line is handsome Ronay handbag, presented by Mamie Van Doren



Leslie Gaye has a jewel of a prize for someone—rhinestone brooch, with earrings to match, by Coro jewelry



Don't hesitate to reach for this one. This handsome Ronson table model lighter is the gift of Richard Long



This prize is sheer heaven: From Kathleen Hughes, one dozen pairs of Cameo hosiery in the newest fashion shade

ENTRY BLANK

Write a last line for this jingle

U-I is the studio that's young at heart
Here talented youngsters are given a start
Those who have what it takes
Are given the breaks

.....

(Fill in line to rhyme with "heart")

Example:

And usually wind up with the star's part!

Fill in the prize for which you are competing and the name of the star who is giving it. Also your name and address and mail to:

Photoplay-Universal-International Contest
P. O. Box 1406
Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I want the_____
(name of prize)

from_____
(name of star)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

MY FRIEND



BRANDO



BY
KARL MALDEN

as told to
Ernst Jacobi



Marlon showed the "Waterfront" to his parents (left and center) and to producer S. P. Eagle before his mother's death



A climatic scene from "A Streetcar Named Desire," which starred both Brando and Malden and cemented a long friendship

"Without a doubt he's a genius—our finest actor today. And the gentlest man alive. All he wants is complete freedom to be himself."

We recently assigned a story on Karl Malden, who gives a superb performance in the part of the priest in "On the Waterfront." Reluctant to talk about himself, Karl Malden turned the conversation to his friend and colleague Marlon Brando.

No other actor has worked with Brando over as long a period of time or known him as intimately as Karl Malden. They met in 1946 during rehearsals for Maxwell Anderson's "Truckline Cafe." Subsequently they were together for two years on Broadway in "A Streetcar Named Desire" and thereafter in the Hollywood version of the play, where his portrayal of Mitch brought Malden an Academy Award. At present, and again under the director of Elia Kazan, both appear in Columbia's "On the Waterfront" and are almost certain to be nominated for next year's Academy Awards.
THE EDITORS

THERE isn't really much I can tell you about Marlon. As I see him, he's an ordinary guy like you or me—except he's a genius. No, I'm not kidding you. I honestly believe he's by far our greatest actor today. He's completely singleminded about his profession, but aside from his enormous talent he's no different from anybody else.

There seem to be a lot of people, however, who find it difficult to understand Marlon. They've become so used to all sorts of shenanigans and publicity stunts by movie stars that they consider ordinary behavior as eccentric. Just because he doesn't go in for a lot of nightclubbing, public romances and expensive sports cars, people take it for granted he must be a screwball. I can assure you he isn't. The key to his whole personality, in my opinion, is that he's one of those all-too-rare people with (*Continued on page* 95)

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Hollywood's New Look in SEX





Elizabeth Taylor has the classic beauty that haunts men's dreams and makes plain girls sigh with envy. But though Leslie Caron's appeal relies more on her winsome charm, it's a piquant sauce to many men

The gamin girls with the crazy cuts

and the lean lines are giving the lush and lovely

lasses a run for their honies

● One dictionary's definition of sex is simply, "the physical difference between male and female; the characteristics of the difference between male and female," and perhaps it is for this reason that the new look in sex in Hollywood had made for some hot and heavy parlor conversation recently. I agree with a producer who said to me, "Where's a woman's sex when you have to wait for her to turn around to reveal her womanhood?"





Jane Russell and Jean Peters are opposites in style and dress. But though Jane goes in for low necklines, both have the voluptuous figure and salty appeal that rates raves from the opposite sex





Ava Gardner and Debbie Reynolds prove that what appeals to one man isn't always the other man's dish. But in the sex-appeal department, sweet Deb more than holds her own with glamorous Ava

The girls who characterize this new look, of course, are Audrey Hepburn, Leslie Caron, Jean Simmons whose short-cropped hair, boyish figures and wide-eyed expression have started a rage among the teen-agers.

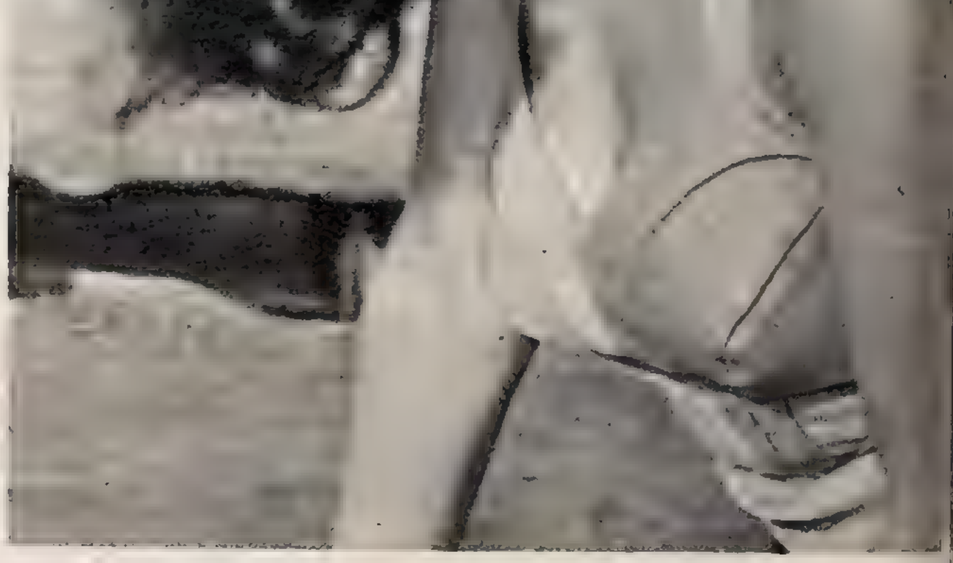
Before you rush to the beauty parlor for the shearing and before you starve yourself into a matchstick figure, hear what some of the male authorities in Hollywood have to say about sex appeal—new or otherwise. Here's a personally conducted tour among the male contingent for opinions on the current crop of glamour queens and you'll see, some like 'em rounded, some like 'em thin—and some just plain like 'em.

Take The Monroe sex appeal (and who wouldn't want to!) versus Grace Kelly, the girl who currently has such notables as Clark Gable and Bing Crosby wrapped around her little finger. John Ericson who played opposite Grace in "Green Fire" says, "She's very sexy. Not flashy and for me this is great. Her very unassuming manner makes her very exciting. She's a person." Burt Lancaster adds that Grace Kelly is among the ten women in Hollywood he considers most beautiful. "She will be a big star long after the public has forgotten all the current hip-twitchers," predicts Burt. "Because while she is very sexy, you wouldn't be ashamed to introduce her to your mother!" Dean Martin says of Marilyn

continued



PIER ANGELI



ELAINE STEWART

Pier Angeli, say male observers, has the femininity that makes men whistle and the innocent look that makes them want to protect her. But when Audrey Hepburn turns on that impish look, "even her photographs have that challenge!"

Monroe, "She's the kind of girl you'd like to bring home to your mother—if you could trust your father." To which Jerry Lewis adds, "To me, Marilyn's sex appeal is a study in geography. Both sides of her equator have such wonderful points of interest." Donald O'Connor seriously adds, "There is nothing wrong with Marilyn Monroe in any department—she's one girl who has sex appeal for millions of men and, specifically, has captured one. How could there be anything wrong with a girl like that?"

Next intriguing comparative combination is Elaine Stewart versus

Hollywood's New Look in SEX

Continued

Jean Simmons. Elaine clings to the old-fashioned theory that her hair, flowing in long luscious waves, is attractive to a man—and if it isn't her hair, it sure is something that makes the telephone ring off the hook and the line form to the left on date nights! Jean Simmons, on the other hand, (could it be because she's already caught Stewart Granger?) lets the barber run rampant with the shears. Burt Lancaster has a word for her, too. "She looks (on the screen) like a girl who is a lady in the parlor and a hussy in the boudoir." For Jeff Chandler, the hair is not an important consideration in a woman's attractiveness—it's the eyes. And whether it be Elaine or Jean Simmons, The Monroe or Grace Kelly—". . . somewhere along the line, it's the same innate spark and you find it in the eyes first."

Pier Angeli and Audrey Hepburn are two opposites on which male opinion is of accord—they both are sensationally sexy. Their reasoning may be different, but the total sum of male opinion adds up to one thing only—they've got sex appeal. Pier, with her innocent green eyes, Audrey with her slant-eyes send Donald O'Connor, John Ericson, Rock Hudson, to (*Continued on page* 80)



Elaine Stewart doesn't go along with today's gamin glamour, believes that long, flowing locks attract the men. And there's no doubt about her date line. But that close-cropped hair accentuates Jean Simmons' wide-eyed look that rates a second look

MARILYN MONROE



Marilyn Monroe's luscious figure has launched a million sighs. "She's one girl who has sex appeal for millions of men." But though Grace Kelly doesn't have those dangerous curves, she's proving to be the kind of girl the Hollywood men can't forget!

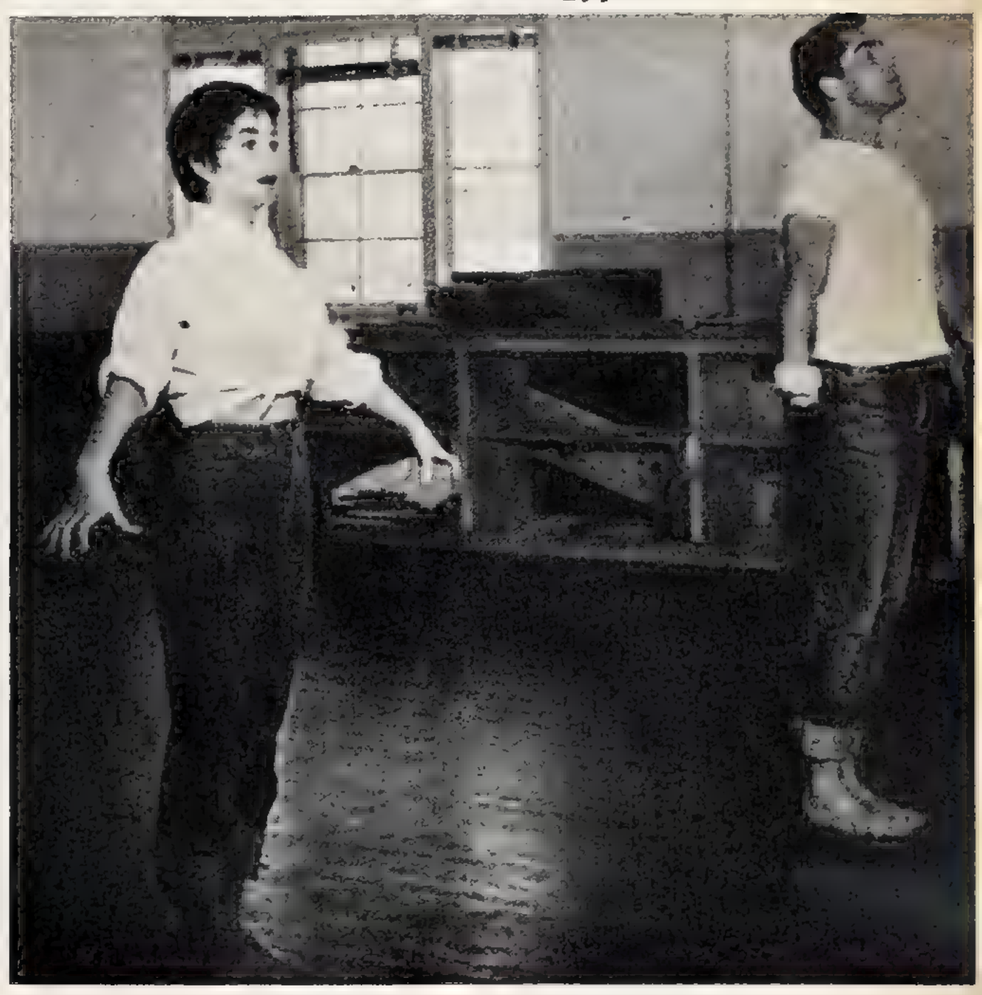
A PHOTOPLAY EXCLUSIVE BY PHIL STERN





"Ooh, my aching back," groans Jean. But Dick Allan, who started career dancing, knows value of limbering-up exercises!

Jean breathed easier after this one! And proved to be tops at tap dancing. Both Dick and Jean are in "The Egyptian"





LOOK, MA, SHE'S DANCING!

"I'm going to take dancing lessons," announced Jean Simmons. Stewart Granger lifted an inquiring eyebrow. "To reduce my hips," said Jean. Her husband cocked another eyebrow. "For 'The Egyptian,'" his wife explained further. "The bulges show in those costumes. And everyone knows dancing is slimming?" "Hmm!" replied Stewart—and subsided into his newspaper.

The truth was, Jean had always wanted to dance, had even studied in England and once thought of opening a dancing studio. But movie stardom had interfered. Now, she thought, she could combine exercise with pleasure. Jean enlisted the aid of actor Dick Allan, who teaches dancing when he isn't making pictures at 20th.

Dick started Jean with modern dancing. "You're going to be stiff," he warned her, "so we'll take it easy at first." Jean was—stiff! But in spite of her husband's quizzical looks, Jean kept her groans to herself. Soon, she'd graduated into ballet and tap—and Dick was racking his brains, trying to figure out what steps to teach her next!

"Look, darling," Jean said one day. And floated around the living room. "Hmm!" said her husband. But this time he didn't subside into his newspaper. Instead he waltzed her around the room. "You know," he said—and grinned, "maybe I ought to take lessons too. Then we could do a musical together!"



Babies are important people—and a fire on the hearth can burn brighter than a star in the sky

BY RUTH WATERBURY

"If I have success, I'll love it," says Audrey Dalton. "But Jim and Tara come first"



Undivided Heart

Audrey Dalton is deep in the most wonderful period of her life. Nothing this Cinderella girl has experienced up to now can compete with it—not the thrill of playing the biggest role of her screen career to date in "Drum Beat" with Alan Ladd, nor even the memory of her wonderful courtship and marriage to Jim Brown.

Day after day Audrey is watching a miracle take place before her very eyes, the miracle of life itself as her first-born—not quite ten-month-old little Tara—takes those first tentative steps into the future. The center and heart of Audrey's world is Tara, who already is showing signs of becoming a beauty. That's her natural heritage, from parents as comely as Audrey and Jim Brown, and from day to day Audrey finds greater joy in encircling Tara with all the love and understanding a mother can provide.

Each of her present moments is so rich and real that it's hard for Audrey to picture herself as she was two years ago. When she looks back, there's a special date she thinks of, one she'll never forget: August 8th, 1952. Until then, she had been an unknown Irish girl, raised in a convent, educated at private schools in Dublin and London, and at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. With head-whirling suddenness, she had just been whisked to fabulous New York, then to still more fabulous Hollywood, where she was to portray one of "The Girls of Pleasure Island." Certainly it was a dream come true. Yet, Audrey was completely miserable.

There she was, in her pretty Hollywood apartment, with her two best friends. Playing her sisters in the movie, Joan Elan and Dorothy Bromiley were sharing her good fortune—and tripling her misery by sharing that too. Each time the three British girls got together, there was just one thing they talked about: home. "At home, remember, we used to . . ."

Neither the satisfactions of her career nor the glamour of her surroundings could make up for the terrible lack in Audrey's life. For the first time in her eighteen years, she had nobody close to her to love, nobody in love with her. Back home, there had been her mother and father, her two brothers, her two sisters (*Continued on page* 86)

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS

Campus Careers



Photos by Christa

You're off to school, or maybe this year, you're office-bound. Either way, you'll score high with the teacher or boss (not to mention your budget) if you come dressed in the Star Fashions shown here. Left: Pat Crowley chooses a Harlequin-hued wool princess coat that's Pellon-lined for permanent shape, boasts a cavalier collar and turned-back cuffs. In red, teal, purple, green. 9-15. $69.95. Right: Joanne Gilbert wears a budget-inspired wool coat of black and gray herringbone tweed with wide cavalier collar, pleated and buttoned side fullness and big flap pockets. Also in beige and white. 7-15. $49.95. Coats by Donny Jr. Dawnelle gloves. Coronet handbags

Prices slightly higher on West Coast



This is the new Gold Star Fashion Award. See page 71 for further details about it

For Where to Buy turn to page 83

More fashions



Both Joanne Gilbert and Pat Crowley appear in Paramount's "Red Garters"

Campus Careers

What's Pat Crowley saying to Joanne Gilbert? Could be about their new coats. Left: Pat models a full-length button-down coat of alpaca pile—the nearest thing to fur you'll find. Soft and smooth in fabric, abundant in cut and completely right for the coldest days. Cuffs are wide and turned back. Shawl collar adaptable. 7-15. In beige, gray, navy. About $65. By Harrister Jr.

Right: Joanne Gilbert wears a coat with a penchant for efficiency and an affinity for slim skirts. It's cut short, kept simple and neat, all the better to show off its wide sailor collar and neat back belt. Available in navy, charcoal gray, light gray, red and sand beige chinchilla. 5-15. About $45. By Diamond Debs. Llama calf handbag by Coronet. Hat in hand, soft felt cloche by Betmar

Prices slightly higher on West Coast





Each month, Photoplay's fashion staff will select the outstanding junior fashions available. These fashions will receive the Gold Star Fashion Award and will be featured in Photoplay and at your favorite store. They will be tagged, so look for the Gold Star! Also watch future issues; you'll have a chance to win your favorites.

Vera-Ellen's in M-G-M's "Athena" • Anne Francis is in M-G-M's "Rogue Cop"

Vera-Ellen's choice for work is matching flannel separates. The Dior-inspired "Blouson" short jacket is fully lined, has its own stitched-on waistband. The skirt, slim and trim, is interrupted only by hip-pockets, kick-pleats. Color-coordinated with suit, a cotton print shirt. Skirt, 10-20, $9.95; jacket, 10-18, $16.95; shirt, 30-38, $3.95. In pumpkin, purple, lime green. Majestic Specialties

Right: Stolen from the best-dressed man are Anne Francis' "Bond Street" separates. A hip-length flannel Chesterfield covers an Oxford boy shirt with French cuffs and tie. The skirt, pencil slim and efficient, in executive stripe tweed. Skirt in gray and white, brown and white, $9.95. Jacket, charcoal gray, brown, $17.95. Shirt, white, pink, blue, $3.95. All 10-20, by Majestic Specialties

For Where to Buy turn to page 83

More fashions —

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

For Where to Buy turn to page 83



Mala Powers' in U-I's "The Yellow Mountain" • Colleen Miller's in U-I's "Four Guns to the Border"

Left: Mala Powers takes time out for fun in a camel-colored wool pyramid princess dress that carries its wide skirt influence to a highpoint in front, lowers to the waistline in back. The top, designed to look like a sweater, is of novelty boucle jersey; the skirt, a combination of camel and wool. Also in charcoal gray. 5-15. $39.95. By Felix Safian. Right: Sally Forrest wears an orange orlon-wool jersey dress with figure-flattering long torso cinched in at the waist by matching fabric belt. Small collar can be turned up, has its own slim bow tie. Skirt is mass of fine pleats. 7-15. $29.95. By Pat Hartly. Center: Colleen Miller's full skirted coat-dress is red faille, accented by a steady row of black buttons from collar to hem, a striped scarf that copies the color of taffeta petticoat and dress. Also in beige, black and brown. 7-15. $22.95. By Tailored Jr.

Sally Forrest's in RKO's "Son of Sinbad"

Photo by Richard Litwin

Campus Careers

Continued



This is the new Gold Star Fashion Award.
See page 71 for further details



Anne Bancroft's in 20th's "Demetrius and the Gladiators" • Terry Moore was last in 20th's "King of the Khyber Rifles"

As fashion leaders, Terry Moore and Anne Bancroft belong right at the head of the class. Left: Terry's wool tweed separates can pass easily for a dress, looks chic when worn separately. Figure-fitting jacket, which barely reaches the waist, has fringed cavalier collar, double row of buttons. Skirt is action-pleated with buttoned panel. In cognac black; purple black; moss green black. Jacket and skirt, $10.95 each. 7-15. By Juniorite. Pearls by H. & S. Originals Right: Anne Bancroft's flannel jumper is easy to wear with its full skirt, soft scooped neckline and buttons all the way down the front. It can be worn to class with a simple wool jersey blouse, is perfect, minus the blouse, for evening functions. Available in charcoal gray, brown. Sizes 7-15. $14.95. Wool jersey blouse comes in peacock, burnt orange, gold. $5.95. Both by Ilene Ricky

Alternates for separates shown at left: Top: Anne wears nylon-pima dress blouse with high neck, push-up ¾ sleeves. White, pink, blue, beige, gray. $5.95. By Alice Stuart Center: Terry in a print-on-white cotton with ruffled front, cuffed sleeves. Cognac green black; purple mauve black. $4.95. Juniorite Bottom: A pretty change of pace—little-girl blouse of wool jersey, smocked top. Cognac, purple, green. $7.95. Juniorite

More fashions →





Barbara Darrow's in RKO's "Susan Slept Here"

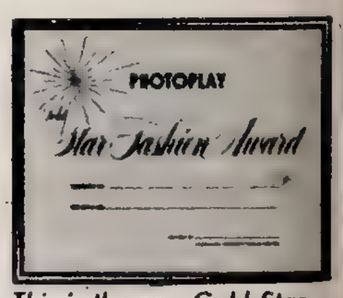
Campus Careers

Continued

For Where to Buy turn to page 83

Left: From office to date with no time for change. Barbara Darrow wears a suit that can be dressed up or down, depending upon the occasion. For 9-5 hours, the simplicity of this fitted flannel suit can stand on its own. Come 5 o'clock and your date is waiting, a silver or black fox tie-on collar makes it important date bait. 7-15. In gray, blue, brown. $69.95; with collar $79.95. Nobility Jr.

Right: Anne Francis wears a chic ensemble happily mated to give workaday comfort. The boxy tweed jacket can be slipped on with ease, just as easily mixed with other skirts to give a wardrobe extra go. Notice its smart back belt and rounded collar. Under it, a whistle slim flannel skirt and nylon shortsleeved sweater. In beige, blue, copper. 7-15. Helene Jrs. 3 pieces $39.95



This is the new Gold Star Fashion Award. See page 71 for further details

Prices slightly higher on West Coast



Academy Award Winner
DONNA REED
Co-starred in MGM's
"The Last Time I Saw Paris"

"Clifton's"
HAND TOOLED BAGS

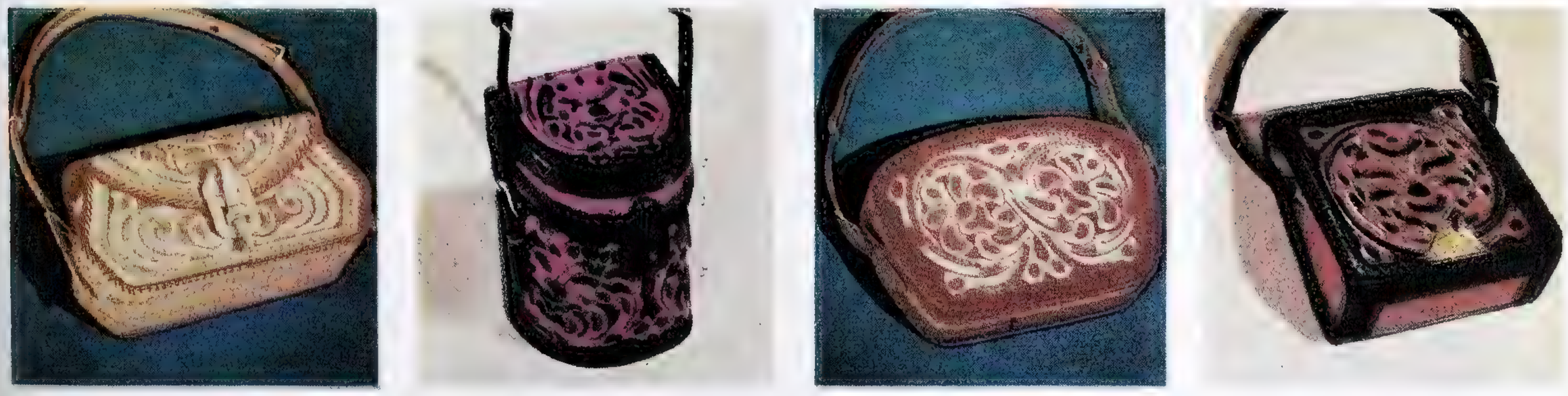
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(*Continued from page* 44)

philosophy has been a logical sequence for Doris Day, who happens to be a person of rather extraordinary talent, beauty, courage and faith.

These enviable characteristics helped her to ride triumphantly through a number of crises which might have whipped a lesser person. In her very early teens, she was all but mangled in an automobile accident and spent the next fourteen months in and out of the hospital. An early marriage to a musician named Al Jorden did not succeed, although its precious gift was Doris's adored twelve-year-old son, Terry. And a second marriage to George Weidler, brother of one-time child star Virginia Weidler, also failed.

It was shortly after this second emotional crash that Doris had a crucial interview with screen director Michael Curtiz. On this interview hinged the decision as to whether she would break into pictures or not. Doris was so upset over her personal life that she was practically in tears. Fortunately, Curtiz was able to perceive the fundamental radiance of the girl and did not reject her.

These events are cited to show that, far from being a vapid Pollyanna, Doris is a woman who won her joy and peace of mind over genuine difficulties. And these events are set down from the record, rather than any direct remarks Doris made to me. Doris Day has no truck whatever with sour notes—a wonderful way to be.

Doris gets fun out of everything. The day I talked with her at the studio she was full of a new enthusiasm. "When I leave here," she said, "I'm going home and garden like crazy. I'm on a gardening kick you never saw the like of. I love it. But that's new. Before, I thought gardening was on the square side. But now that I've tried it, it's great. It's like anything new you learn in life. And that's what I'm talking about. Life gets better and better the older you get and the more you learn.

"Who's afraid of growing up? Who wants to go running back to their youth? Fiddle-Faddle. If life were intended to be like that, you might as well crawl into deep freeze when you're seventeen. But it's *not* like that. It's the opposite, and I wish everyone the same luck finding it out that I had."

"What's the opposite?" asked Marty. Marty had arrived. Marty Melcher. He is Miss Day's agent. He is also her husband. He has a lot to do with the way Doris feels these days—an awful lot. Marty is more the executive type; not as pretty as Mrs. M. but broader through the shoulders. Marty was hungry. He had buffet—part of Miss D.'s plate, part of mine. "What's opposite?" he repeated.

The life-gets-better-all-the-time theory was explained to him.

"You're not fooling," said Marty. "I can hardly wait till I'm ninety. What's this, salami?"

Mrs. M. ignored him. "Take tonight," she said. "We're going out. Company first and then going out. That's a switch. We've been in a rut for a while, sticking close to home. But now we're mixing around like fury. I'm not exactly the backward type, socially, but I'm slow to make a move. Marty has to push me. But after he pushes me, I'm all the way on the other extreme. Some momentum. For a while there I was one of those worried hostesses. We'd been changing the house around as usual and it doesn't look too neat, so I was afraid people'd criticize. Well, of course, who *cares*? I mean, do *you* care if you go to somebody's house and it doesn't look slick as a peeled egg? *I* don't. I can't imagine the two of us driving home from a party saying, 'Dear, dear, wasn't the Chumleys' place a mess!' So why should anyone think it of my house? Live and learn and stop worrying, I always say."

"She always says that," said Marty. "Take New York."

"All right," said Doris. "*Take* New York. We're going to New York next week. Super Chief. Razz-mah-tazz. Take the cameras and shoot movies out the window. Go to all the shows and the great restaurants. I used to be a little reserved about that. Maybe I *was* backward. No more, though."

"You're certainly kicking out that old idea that the days of one's childhood and/or youth are the happiest days of one's life," I said.

"The idea's depressing," said Doris, "even if it were true."

"Which it is not," said Marty.

"It's certainly a negative, downbeat sort of attitude toward life," said Doris.

"It's worse than that," said Marty. "Walk up to a kid who's had a tough day in spelling or been stood in a corner for misconduct and tell him these are the best years of his life. What kind of an outlook are you giving him?"

"And the whole concept is *not* true," said Doris, "it's really not. Sure, childhood's fine—for childhood. But I don't want to go back. I *wouldn't* go back. And that's not entirely because of my being in pictures now and having Marty and Terry. The point is that happiness is a gathering process, not something they give you for a little while when you're young and then take away. I don't mean you should *hurry* growing up. Because, for one thing, you can't. And for another, it's a mistake. You absolutely can't be twenty-one until you *are* twenty-one. But to look back on past years with regret, that I can't see. Take 'em as they come and that's the fullest life there is. Who cares how old you are? I loved being twenty. And twenty-five. I'll love being thirty-five even more. And forty and fifty!

"The more I know, the more I realize. And the more I realize, the happier I am. That's not a Pollyanna attitude, the way I look at it. That's common sense. Every day I wake up proves it to me. I live it. That's the final answer. You can theorize all you want about many things, but when something *happens* to you, you *know* what's right and wrong for you. Excuse me if I sound like a big wheel, but I know what I'm talking about. And I want everybody else to feel the same. No way to go but up, no way to feel but happier. Anything wrong with that?"

"You're not depressing me," said Marty. "Incidentally, how about this childhood bit, anyway? I mean, *how* about it? Anybody thought of that? Take this, for instance. Did you like oatmeal?"

"Not especially," said Doris.

"But you *had* to take it, didn't you?"

"Sure," said Doris. "Did you like homework?"

"Did anyone? *Does* anyone?"

"Not me," said Doris. "But I did it. And you know something, I don't have to do it any more. Or if I do have to, it's the kind of homework that I really like doing now."

"There you are. Were you ever afraid at school dances that you wouldn't be cut in on?"

"None of your business," said Doris. "But all right, yes—I was. And no one can tell me that the fears of youth and the upsets when you're a child are petty ones. Not *then*, they're not. Did you like algebra?"

"Oh, not bad," said Marty.

"Well, I didn't. I'm not sure to this day I knew what they were talking about. And now look at me. No algebra."

Marty laughed. "You've convinced me. Now I think your young life was a chamber of horrors."

"My young life," said Doris with finality, "was great. All I'm trying to say is this—those good old days weren't necessarily the best, and I'm afraid the people who believe so may be unhappy. I've found out something pretty wonderful and I'm trying to pass it on. That's all I'm trying to say."

"I know," said Marty. "Keep saying it."

The great young life of Doris Day dates, as you probably know, back to Cincinnati and April 3 of the year 1924, when she was born Doris Kappelhoff. Her father, Mr. Kappelhoff, was an extremely able teacher of organ, piano, violin and voice. With that much musical heritage to go on, Doris, at age twelve, was dancing with one of the stage shows of Fanchon and Marco.

The accident in her teens slowed Doris up for a while. But she wisely used the long convalescent period to study voice. And by and by she was singing the then-popular song "Day After Day" on a Cincinnati radio station. From this song hit Doris chose her professional last name.

She later joined bandleader Barney Rapp as a singer, and from his band moved on to work with Bob Crosby. Fate was still marking time. A three-year engagement with Les Brown's band, however, culminated with a recording called "Sentimental Journey," a great success. After that, Destiny really got on the ball. The rest, as the saying goes, is history.

The successful Marty Melchers live today in a fine home in Burbank in the San Fernando Valley, where the lady of the house gardens like mad. She also eats very well indeed and lately has been reading up on the effects of carbohydrates in the diet. She has taken a stand against them. Sometimes the stand works and sometimes it doesn't. Also, in a land where her fellow-stars will pose slaving over a hot stove at the drop of a flashbulb, Miss Day not only doesn't like to cook but admits it. She *can*, you understand, but who wants to? This independent attitude is typical of Doris.

But when anyone comes to her in real need, she's the first to turn from personal concerns and offer help unselfishly. For example, she recently received a letter from a bedridden child who had read of Miss Day's own recent setback and requested sympathetic advice. The child got it—in copious and generous amounts. Words like "sick" and "setback" are not a normal part of Doris Day's language, but do not think this affected her answer to a sick child's appeal for comforting.

No star is more sought after by the public, press and by her fans than Doris Day. Her response is genuinely her own. What she says is simple, warm and unrehearsed as spring sunshine. And her belief that life should get better as life goes on is devoutly to be admired. And if Doris Day affirms that it is so, then with her it has been so. Besides—is there a better way of living it?

THE END

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See Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh on the cover of the October Photoplay on sale the first week in September

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Barbara's Shining Hour

(*Continued from page* 53)

was a whole person, wholly loved. Before they decided to marry, they talked over all the problems they would have to face—including the possibility that location trips might part them for long weeks at a time. "Hank and I," Barbara says firmly, "married each other with the full knowledge that he was an actor and I was an actress."

In mind, they were prepared for the pain of temporary separations, but in their hearts they were not—and can never be. When Barbara talks about Jeff's trip to England and Malta, almost two years ago, her distress at the separation is reflected in her face. "That was the hardest time for me," she admits. Unhappily, Jeff had to leave for location shooting immediately after their baby was born. During the months of his absence, she had plenty of opportunity to think. Her career seemed stalemated. Though Paramount had made her a member of its "Golden Circle" of newcomers, she hadn't achieved any really important parts. And this phase of her career had ended when she found Christopher was on the way.

Slowly, Barbara came to a decision. Why bother with movies? she thought. I have my own production—Christopher. I have a nice home, a wonderful husband, a darling baby. Why suffer? It was a strictly feminine decision, such as a man is never called on to make. "A man," Barbara says, "always moves on. After all, he's the bringer-homer of the money."

But the man of the Hunter household turned out to be an unusually understanding husband, realizing that Barbara's work had meant much more to her than just a source of extra money. When he came home and heard about her retirement plans, he took a vigorous stand. "Hank sat me down and talked to me," says Barbara. "He said, 'Just try a little longer. You have something to offer—I'm sure you have. I'm behind you—and Christopher will be proud of you.' So we talked it over, and I changed my mind. Who, I thought, doesn't want an actress for a mother?"

You see, to the young Hunters acting in movies is no humdrum, everyday job. For all their experience, they see the wonderful world of make-believe with its magic untarnished. They know its drawbacks; they know its nervous stresses; and yet they feel its excitement and find strength in sharing the challenge. So Barbara went back to work. Career-wise, Jeff was ahead of her. "And he always will be," she says proudly. But she soon proved that her husband's faith in her talent was justified. Her casting in U-I's "Magnificent Obsession" was the turning point. The role was offered to her almost apologetically as "a nice little part in a big picture. It'll be a good thing for you." But Barbara's warmly emotional performance built up the stature of her role and fully entitled her to co-star billing. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, came the test of the decision that husband and wife had reached together about their willingness to stand separations.

Barbara was about to leave for a brief visit in New York, to help publicize "Magnificent Obsession," when a telephone call came through: "Get right over to the studio for costume fittings!" She had been given the first—not the second—feminine lead in the lavish production "Captain Lightfoot," opposite Rock Hudson. But there was a catch: The picture would be shot in Ireland.

That is, it might have been a catch for any other couple except Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter. Her immediate reaction was to grab the phone and let him know. "I always do that the minute anything nice happens." And Jeff was as happy about her good fortune as she was. "It had been a great disappointment to him," Barbara explains, "that I couldn't go along when he went to Europe on location, so he was pleased I was going to see a little of what I'd missed."

When there is such strong union of spirit, there can be no real separation. There would be letters to link Barbara with her family—every day, she promised. "At least, I'll try. It's really easier that way. If you put it off, all of a sudden you're writing five pages to catch up." And there would be more than letters.

While Jeff had been in Europe, a family friend who was a newsreel cameraman took pictures of the newborn Hunter heir about every other week, and off they were sent to the young father. Jeff celebrated a birthday while he was supposedly separated from his family—but he really wasn't. A little ahead of the big day, Barbara staged a birthday party for him back home, with all their friends on hand. Movies of the big occasion went winging Jeff's way, along with birthday presents and a fruit cake with birthday candles.

So Barbara, with their situations reversed, had Jeff's precedent to follow while she was abroad. And Jeff let his wife take his camera along on her trip. "It was like giving me his right arm!" she acknowledges. "That's a very special camera." In the spring of 1953, Jeff went on a USO tour to Hawaii, the Philippines, Singapore, Hong Kong. In Singapore, he made a good friend, a wealthy Chinese theatre owner still loyal to his native country's ancient traditions of hospitality. Learning that Jeff had only a borrowed movie camera to record his trip, the Chinese gentleman wanted to present Jeff with an extremely expensive camera. Jeff felt he should refuse the costly gift, until he remembered that his refusal would be an insult in Oriental terms. And this camera is the one Barbara had with her on her trip to Ireland.

So Jeff saw picture souvenirs of her travels around the Emerald Isle before her return. And, with co-star Rock (another family friend) to lend a hand as cameraman, Barbara's lovely face remained familiar in the eyes of her little son.

She left with not a fear in the world for Chris's welfare. He would be in t loving, capable hands of her mother, w lives in a charming studio house on t Hunters' property. Every detail of Chri life during those ten weeks was clear Barbara's mind as she took off. Ch has his own place to sleep at Grandm house; half his toys are there.

For part of the early summer, Chris w in a youngster's paradise. His gran mother took him to her home state, Wi consin, to stay at Simonson's Summer R sort in Hayward. "There's a beauti lake," Barbara says, "with lots of lit ducks and chickens. An uncle of mi began teaching Chris to swim—we all st that very early in our family. I *kn* Chris would have a wonderful time." A her face lights up at the thought of h son's happiness.

No, theirs isn't the conventional patte of marriage. There may be those w would criticize Barbara. She admits, "T idea of family separation—even briefly upsets me. I'm on the defensive, ev though I know lots of women arou Hollywood who have no jobs—and y send their kids to a nursery school, lea them at home with a nurse—anything get away from them. They spend less ti with their children than I do with Chri

"When Hank and I are between pi tures, we spend *more* time with our s than the average working couple possib could. That's one of the nice things abo movies—one of the reasons why we really grateful to be in this business. Som times the three of us will go off to Pa Springs. Whether we're working or n we always have breakfast with Chris and he keeps to our schedule! If one of is on a picture—or both of us—he wakes at six. And if we're not, he sleeps un seven or eight."

Happy, healthy, well-adjusted, Ch isn't at all disturbed by the fact that h stuck with a pair of movie-star paren

During a normal evening at home, wh Chris sleeps peacefully, his mother a father are likely to be reading the ne day's lines aloud, recording them, playi them back—and criticizing each oth forthrightly. "One of the greatest ass you can have," Barbara says, "is t ability to accept criticism. We can, ev from each other—because we understa each other so well."

Thanks to Jeff's intervention, acting a the movies remain very much a part Barbara's life. She appreciates "the jo of motion pictures: The hours are wo deful; the work helps to develop t emotions; you get opportunities to trave She has given her son all the care she c cram into the leisure hours that mov allow her, and she wants to see to it th he profits by the travel advantages, t "When Chris is old enough—to heck w school! I'm going to take him with r He'll have a tutor, of course, but meeti many different kinds of people will be real education for him. I mean—*we* ho we can take him with *us*."

For Barbara and Jeff Hunter, co-starri in a picture is a dear, if distant, drea "We just live for that day!" In the mea time, there will inevitably be separa tions, and these won't grow any easier time goes by—because Barbara is devot to her son and to Jeff, and misses th every day they are separated. In spite such pangs, necessary parting leaves scars on the Hunters' marriage. "We c go through with it," Barbara says grave "because we love each other so much."

(*Barbara is in "The Black Shield Falworth."*)

THE END

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Hollywood's New Look in Sex

(*Continued from page* 65)

mention just a few. Says John Ericson: "Pier is innocence personified—she's my type!" And John should know, he was one of Pier's first dates when she arrived in this country. Donald O'Connor thinks it's some "inner something" that comes "shining through"—Brother, where have we heard that one before! However, he adds, "Pier has that particular kind of femininity that makes a man whistle—and then get to know her better." Bob Neal is currently in this state with Pier, and there isn't a bachelor in Hollywood who doesn't envy him. Jerry Lewis who can't be serious about any girl except his beloved wife Patti, says of Audrey Hepburn, "As soon as I saw Audrey, I knew right away she was a girl. Her high heels gave her away." Getting down to cases on Audrey, however, Rock Hudson maintains, "It's a goading thing that Audrey has in her eyes. Even her photographs seem to fasten her gaze on you as a challenge. This, dear lady, generates heat." It sure does Rock—especially in a guy like Mel Ferrer who can hardly stand to be near the fire.

No two girls could be more unalike than June Allyson and Susan Hayward. And yet they both have tremendous appeal. "June," says her loving husband (and who could ask for a better authority) "has a nice clean quality. Susan is sultry sex, but in my opinion, she'd look sexier if she covered up more. The same for Marilyn Monroe. For either one to undress too much is wrong. Each would be more exciting with a higher neckline—what you can see is never as thrilling as what you can imagine."

Speaking of undressed sex, how do the men feel about the opposites, Jane Russell and Jean Peters. Jane started out with a cut-down neckline in "The Outlaw" and has added a hip-wiggle to her other attributes in "The French Line." In real life, of course, she's a church-going girl with Bob Waterfield for a husband and couldn't be happier when *not* being stared at by members of the opposite sex. Bob Wagner, on the subject of the recent bride Jean Peters, is frank to admit she's tops in his list of tempestuous temperature exploders. "Jean is salty, gutty, a very—you should pardon the expression—lusty dame." All the men interviewed on these two girls had a unanimous opinion. "Sex is here to stay. Thank goodness it comes wrapped in such lovely packages."

Two more unlikely candidates for the same guy's heart would be Ava Gardner and Debbie Reynolds. Isn't it wonderful that what appeals to one man, is another's poison? Debbie had champions in such male form as Robert Wagner, "real gone, real wonderful." Donald O'Connor: "She's got a magic for me, but then maybe I'm just susceptible to femininity." Robert Dix (Debbie's current heart throb), "Debbie's got sweetness and intellectual appeal. She's very stable and got definite sex appeal." Ava Gardner heads Burt Lancaster's list of girls who can stand up to the "new lookers." "Ava represents every man's ideal of sex appeal. I can't recall her ever having to stoop to the kind of obvious display that so many of the new stars affect. Men are becoming less and less amused by too much blatant sex—just as they are with any over-commercialized product!" Of course, Burt wasn't comparing Ava to Debbie when he said that Debbie has been debating for a long while whether to show or not to show in the bosom department. Dean Martin tried to be serious about Ava Gardner when he said he thought she had the appeal of a queen. "When you meet a woman like this, she expects to be champagned and caviared," he said with a dreamy expression on his face. Jerry wiped it away when he added, "But all she'll get from Dean is spaghetti and meat balls."

While those two zanies are sounding off, we might as well go on to the comparisons (or lack of them) between Leslie Caron and Elizabeth Taylor. Martin felt "Leslie Caron has a sort of fragile-type beauty that rocks a man's pulse. She looks as though, if you touched her, she'd break in two." To which Jerry Lewis added, "And if she does, remember we're fifty-fifty partners!" Leslie does, of course, have that beauty that comes from within—for her face could never be called more than winsome. At the other extreme, Elizabeth Taylor, for sheer classic features, there i no one in Hollywood who can hold a can dle to her. "Elizabeth is just not my type, young John Ericson told me. "I worke with her in 'Rhapsody' and she was jus too darn beautiful. Give me an Audre Hepburn with eyes like a faun—that jus sends me." John, a man who's willing to b frank, however, adds with emphasi "However, Millie my wife—I wouldn trade her for all the faunlike eyes in th world!" Walter Pidgeon, a bit of contras to John in age, adds his two-bits' wort from a worldly point of view, "There ar no unappealing women," he says, and the thoughtfully adds, "but Elizabeth Taylo has everything a woman could desire o the surface." Dana Andrews compare Elizabeth and Gene Tierney in his boo of appeal—"Each is quite different. Eliza beth has great warmth and great deptl She has a smoldering kind of vitality, con stantly expressed in her remarkable eye (Perhaps this is why Mike Wilding's such happy guy!) But, Gene Tierney, with he slanting eyes and high cheek bones, has a exciting, almost Oriental quality. We read, good conversationalist, cosmopolita and this adds up to sex appeal." Um-r maybe. After a certain age, when you'v been happily married as Dana has fo many years, these qualities might be th safest to sight as sex appeal. Actually, a kidding aside—no matter what type o woman you are, like Monroe (and wh wouldn't want to be) like Audrey Hep burn (if your husband can stand the diet ing you'd have to do, he could certainl stand the way you look), like Elizabet Taylor (and if the Good Lord made yo like *her,* don't postpone a trip to you nearest casting director!) your own goo femininity will keep you attractive to th males in your life. Just relax and be your self because after all sex appeal, in th ultimate, is anything a woman does t make herself attractive and interesting t others.

After all, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewi for all their wisecracks, just love the ver wrappings they tear away from sex ap peal!

THE END

She's Nobody's Baby Now!

(*Continued from page* 49)

Friedman of MCA on the phone, Harry says he thinks Elia Kazan was the first to say I should be the wife but that Jose Ferrer has gone all out to get me! Jose Ferrer's wife in 'The Shrike'—oh, Richard, I'm so happy!"

Richard looked at her for a moment, then said, "You're not going to do it, are you?"

"Of course I'm going to do it, silly," June said. "I've known the story ever since Jose Ferrer first played it on Broadway. And I've always thought, this is really something I would love to do. But I wouldn't have asked for it. I haven't even mentioned it to you, you know I haven't. Even now I can't believe anyone would want *me* to do it . . ."

"Have you read the script?" asked Richard.

"No."

"Hadn't you better?"

"Yes," June admitted. When she read it, she realized it was even better than she had thought. Richard read it and thought it was wonderful, too—but not for her.

"No one," he said, "will believe you in that kind of a story."

June bristled a bit. "If I'm not a good enough actress to make people believe me in it, I shouldn't be in pictures at all," she said.

"You will spoil the Illusion," Richard said. June knew what he meant. "The Shrike" would be a complete departure from her previous roles. June would still be a wife, as she was in "The Stratton Story" and "The Glenn Miller Story," but in this wife-role, she would be destroying her husband instead of helping him.

Specifically, the Illusion refers to the character June has so often portrayed on the screen. Although she couldn't be classified as a beautiful woman or a glamour girl—even she cheerfully admits that—or as a spectacular dancer or singer, millions of movie-goers believe in her, feel that in Richard's words "she is what she is—the girl-next-door, the girl every boy likes to have for a wife and every girl likes to have for a friend.

"Dispel that Illusion, tarnish it . . ." Richard said ominously. . . .

Describing the incident later, June says that the turning point in her life came a few evenings later.

"We had a big meeting here at The Farm," she says. "Richard, my manage and I. Richard talked. He recapitulated h reasons for believing I should not, coul not play the wife in 'The Shrike.' Finall he came to a period. 'Would you mind,' asked in a small voice, 'if *I talk?*' Ther was an astonished, this-isn't-like-Juni pause. Then I talked.

"'I am not the girl-next-door,' I sai quietly, 'not anymore. I don't think any body in the world today is the girl-nex door. Or can be. Not I, anyway. How coul I possibly be that innocuous or that prc tected or that good? If I were I wouldn' first of all, have a career in one of th most fiercely competitive industries in a the world. I have to sit, remember, in room with seven or eight executives an hold my own. I've got to argue them dow or have them argue me down. I have t hold my own. I am holding it now. *I hav accepted the part in* "The Shrike," Rich ard. I am going to do it. This is my deci sion,' and—

"*My Richard drank to me!* He rose to h feet, glass in hand and toasted me, sayin 'Right or wrong, it is your decision, yo have made it and I'm proud of you!'

"Now this," June says, breathlessly, "

really for me quite an astonishing thing!"

The astonishing thing being that for the first time in her married life June dared say "No" to her undisputed lord and master. For the first time in the nine years since she said "I do" to her Richard and thereafter abided, without question, by his decisions, June dared make a decision of her own and on her own.

This personal Declaration of Independence began, June believes, on the day she said goodbye to her professional alma mater, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She refused to re-sign with the studio which had been "home" to her from the day she arrived in Hollywood to that momentous day last year when—like Gable, the King—she drove out of the M-G-M gates for the last time. For the last time, at any rate, as a contract player.

To do this wasn't an easy thing for June, but in the doing, she grew up. All the way.

"For months everyone had been telling me," June told me, "why I should leave M-G-M. I wanted to get out, too, but I wanted someone else to do it for me. I just somehow couldn't do it myself. When they realized at the studio that I was really and truly thinking of leaving, they were amazed. 'You're our little baby,' they said. 'Haven't we brought you up?'

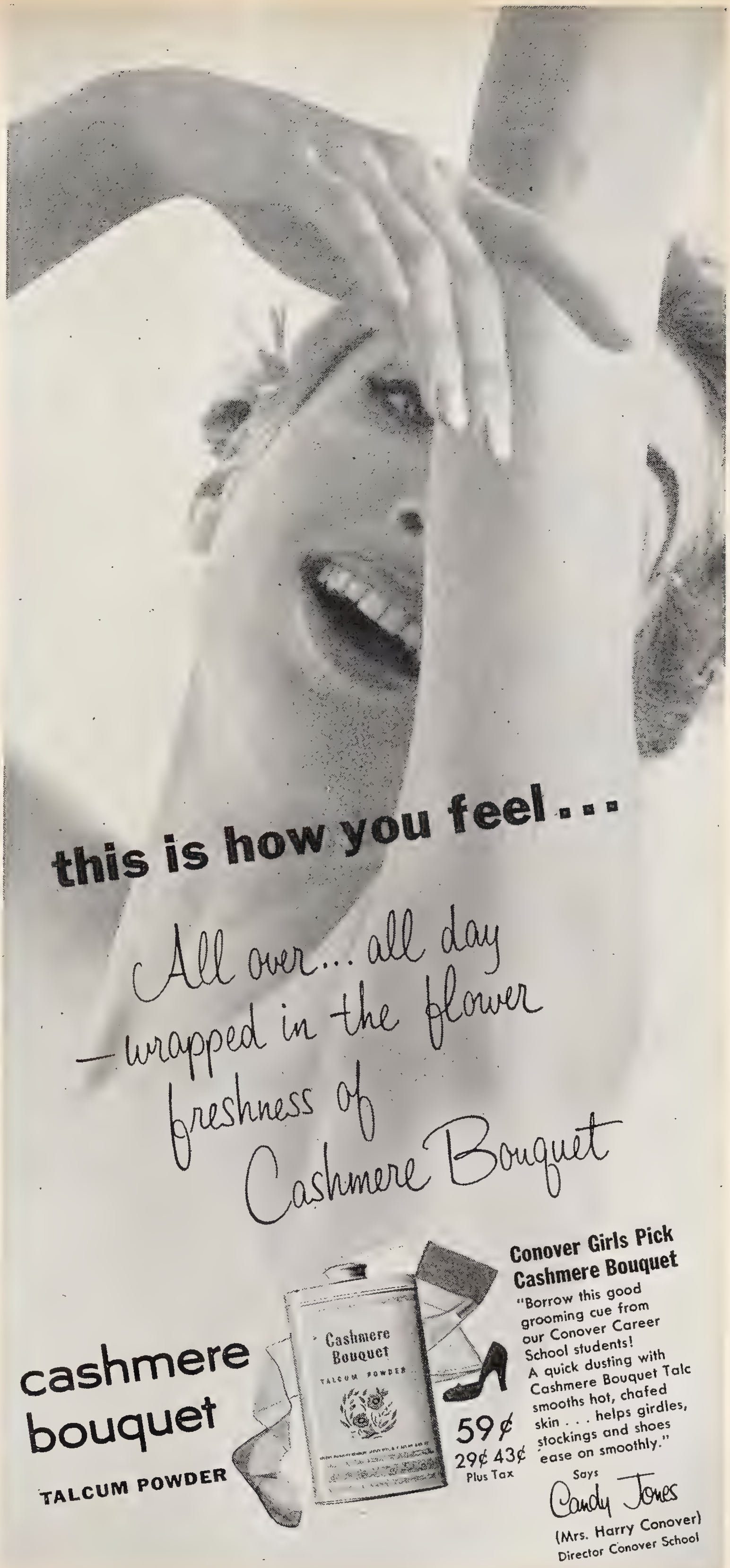
"'You have, you have,' I'd admit, all choked up.

"They would call me at home and say, 'You mustn't leave us,' and I'd run, crying, to Richard and he'd say, 'Don't go there anymore.'

"But they did bring me up," June said soberly, "and they did pretty well by me and it was my home lot, my only one, but —*you can't stay home too long.* In a studio where you are 'our little baby,' you tend to remain just that, a little baby, infantile. Everything is done for you, everything is decided for you. They never ask your opinion. They tell you what scripts you are to do, what clothes you are to wear, who is to direct you. They do your thinking for you. They do everything except your actual acting for you. And rightly so—except that you are in danger of forgetting you have a mind of your own which was given to you to use and a pair of feet—on which you are intended to stand.

"In the end, lots of things decided me—the pictures were not good; the contract was up and nothing had been planned for me. I was supposed to do 'The Long, Long Trailer,' which Lucille and Desi did so successfully. We'd had clothes conferences, I'd seen sketches, read the script and no one even bothered to tell me I was not to do it. The way I found out—I read it in the paper! Richard later admitted he'd known for two days before it broke in the papers, but he didn't tell me. 'I didn't know how,' he said. He knew how disappointed I'd be. And I was. I really did want to do it, except"—June gave a small wiggle of satisfaction—"I did 'The Glenn Miller Story' instead!

"In the past year Richard's career and mine," June said, "have kind of had a shot in the arm. In different directions. My Richard, who is now directing and producing RKO's 'The Conqueror,' starring Susan Hayward and John Wayne, directs and produces all of his own pictures and he is also an executive producer for RKO. Richard can credit it all to his wonderful marvelous intelligence. He's the kind who knew, five years ago, exactly what he'd be doing today—*and he's doing it.* He also knows what he'll be doing five years from now. And he'll be doing that, too. My shot in the arm was that in leaving M-G-M, I all at once found it very easy to say 'No' to anybody and about anything. Not only about big, important matters such as the part of the wife in



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'The Shrike,' but also about all things, large and small.

"Always before, whatever anyone asked me to do, whenever anyone asked me—I'd say 'Yes.' My Richard used to tell me, 'June, don't always say Yes. There must be *some* things you don't want to do!'

"'Oh, there are,' I'd assure him, 'but I *can't*. I'll hurt their feelings.'"

June grinned at me delightedly. "Now I can. Can say 'No,' I mean. When I must. Even to Richard. Can make my own decisions, too. And I've done very well so far, though it may seem immodest to say so, in making my own decisions. It was my decision to make 'The Glenn Miller Story' at Universal-International. It was my decision to make 'A Woman's World' at 20th Century-Fox— and Richard hadn't even read the script! Richard, who *always* read my scripts, used to read them before I did and told me which ones I should, or should not, do. Nor has he read the script of 'The McConnell Story' which I'm to do, with Alan Ladd, at Warner Brothers.

"I think this was a wise decison, too," June said, kitten-faced. "I mean, I accepted the part in 'The Shrike,' but I also accepted, and quickly, the part of Alan Ladd's wife in 'The McConnell Story' in which I will be, so to speak, Mrs. Glenn Miller again!

"I've made one or two mistakes, of course—I absolutely refused to do 'The Stratton Story' and it turned out to be the best picture I've been lucky enough to be in! Richard talked me into doing that one. On the other hand, my Richard made a mistake, too. Just one. He told me to do 'Remains to Be Seen.' A stinker. During our discussions about my doing 'The Shrike,' I'd remind him that he told me to do 'Remains,' showing my little claws, 'so we won't discuss 'The Shrike'!'

"Speaking of scripts and such, his own RKO is the *only* studio in town that hasn't sent me a script! He doesn't want me at all, Richard doesn't. In the studio, that is. I may have to make his decisions for him yet!

"As far as the house is concerned, and the children and any problems concerning them it was always, as with my work, I lived and breathed by Richard's decisions. . .

"This house, for instance, The Farm. Before we bought The Farm, we lived in a quite large house in Beverly Hills and we'd often sit there and say, 'This is too big a place for us.' So we went out and searched and searched and couldn't find a thing and finally Richard decided we'd build. We had plans drawn up, blueprints and all, and then one day Richard came home and said, 'Get in the car. I want to show you something.' And we drove down Sunset Boulevard to Mandeville Canyon and all the way to the end of the Canyon and then, passing through a pair of stone gates, up a winding mountain road. As we were driving along we came to a little cottage. 'Oh, it's sweet,' I said, 'small and sweet and cosy.' 'That,' said Richard, 'is the guest-cottage.' Just a little more and we came to the big house, here.

"'Do you like it?' Richard asked me.

"'Most beautiful thing I've ever seen,' I sighed.

"'That's good—I bought it this morning,' said my Richard.

"That's Richard. I not only would not and could not have chosen a house for us, let alone buying one, I couldn't even choose a chair, or material for the curtains or wallpaper for a wall until Richard had approved the choice.

"But now when Richard tells me what he thinks about something and I don't agree with him, I speak right up. 'I don't agree with you,' I say.

"Recently, a little problem came up about Pamela's school. 'You should take her out,' Richard said, 'put her in another school.'

"I didn't agree. 'Richard, you can't take a little five-year-old girl out of her school, away from her little friends,' I said, 'just because of a minor matter that can be adjusted.' And I didn't take her out.

"Then there are certain rules I've made about the children. I don't want my children to lose their tempers. When they show signs of doing so, I Take Steps. Let one or the other begin to act tantrummy, 'It's so noisy in here,' I'll say, 'I'll go to my room, where it's quiet, and you can come to me there and tell me what is the matter.' Some way or another, it almost always works. In the quiet of my room, to which they come, they grow quiet, too.

"The same punishments don't work for both of them," June laughed. "Put Pammy in her room and she sits and sews. Happily. Sit her on a chair and she loathes it. Sit Ricky on a chair, he loves it. Makes faces. Sings to himself. A cricket on the hearth. Now I just say, *'Ricky,'* and he'll pucker up his face, run upstairs and punish himself by going into his room.

"In the house there are certain things —records, ornaments and so on—the children are not allowed to touch, certain bottles they are not allowed to open. Richard knows all this, knows all about the symptoms of tantrums and how I handle them and yet when he's at home alone with them, he allows them to do the 'verboten' things.

"The other day I told him about it. 'Richard,' I said, 'I cannot discipline the children if you go against me. Let's sit down and talk it out.' And so, to my gratified amazement, he did.

"I suppose it's because we love each other so dearly," June said. "So deeply. I suppose it's because we've both been faced with the loss of each other. Richard's illness, when he so nearly died . . . and the days and weeks it took me to be able to believe he was *here* again, *home* again, *safe* again, *mine* again! And then, just before last Christmas, I had my appendix out and although it wasn't even slightly as serious as Dick's nearly mortal illness and I wasn't the least bit worried, he was terrified, and I was so worried for him. *Please, God,* I thought as I was going under the anesthetic, *don't let it be as hard for Richard as it was for me.*

"I'm glad," June said, then, "very glad that I now stand up to things and be on *my* feet instead of Richard's! Glad I can say 'No' when 'No' needs to be said. When someone makes a decision for you and it turns out to be right, you don't feel that you've done anything. If you make your own and it turns out right, you feel so wonderful! Even if it turns out wrong—well, you think, I'll know better next time. And so you will.

"Every time, *every* time I make a decision of my own, on my own, oh," June said, stretching to her full, small height, "I just feel so strong and pure!

"I'm glad for Richard's sake, too, that I can now speak my own mind, make my own decisions. And he's very glad about it. He comes home tired, he doesn't want to come home and decide whether or not we need a new water softener!

"Now, at last," June spoke, real proudly, "he doesn't need to. Now he doesn't have to be the husband *and* the wife!"

At the front door, as I was leaving, June said, as if reciting, "'The Glenn Miller Story,' 'The Stratton Story,' 'The McConnell Story,'" then laughing, "Why don't you title this story, *The June Allyson Story,*" she asked, "it is, you know. It's the story, the Big Story, as of nineteen fifty-three and four in my life!"

THE END

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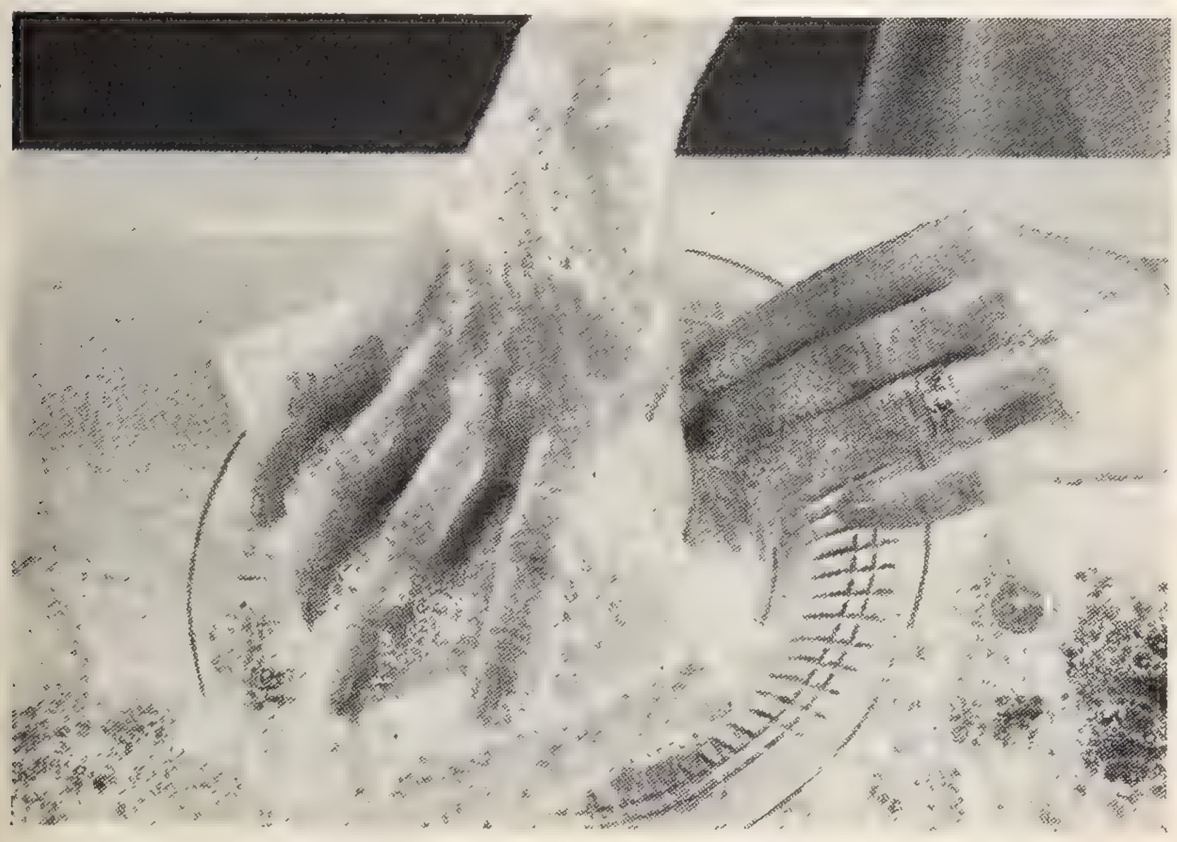
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THE END



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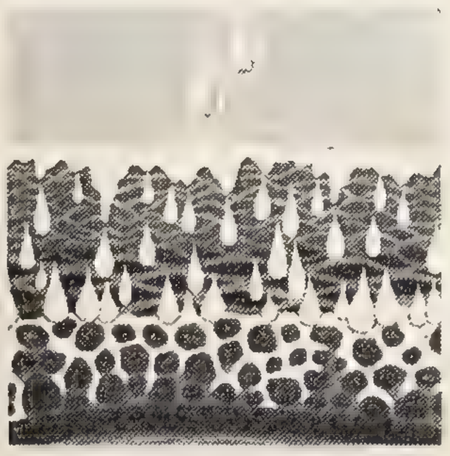
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P

Undivided Heart

(*Continued from page* 68)

to give her a wealth of family affection (just the sort she's striving to give Tara now). And there had been boys, so many that she could scarcely remember the names of some she'd been madly in love with—for a month or a week or a day. But they'd been there, adoring and adorable.

She was completely miserable. And then the telephone rang. Carol Lee Ladd, daughter of Alan and Sue, was on the wire. She was having a party that evening, and she wanted Audrey to come. "I have a blind date for you," she said.

Audrey recoiled. Blind date indeed! American dating customs were still strange to her. Back in England, she would go out only with a boy known to her parents. She would be called for, most politely, and taken to a play, an opera, an art exhibit or even a tea.

"Well, you see, dear—" Audrey began, ready to give Carol Lee a tactful refusal. She stopped. Joan and Dorothy were looking at her. Fond as she was of her friends, Audrey could see herself having dinner with them in some dull tea-room-type restaurant, hardly a man in sight. And the homesick trio would be harping away on their one topic.

"I'd love to come," Audrey told Carol Lee. "What's his name?"

"Jim Brown. He goes to UCLA, and he's tall and blond and just your type. See you at seven."

On her way to the Ladds', Audrey was thinking exactly what you'd expect of any eighteen-year-old on her way to meet a blind date. Will this be the one? She walked into the Ladds' living room—and the man Carol Lee introduced to her *was* the one.

True to the description, he was tall and blond. But his features were more than merely handsome; they reflected intelligence and good humor and gentlemanly manners. (He'd arrived at the party in a Jaguar, too—so much velvet!)

She heard his voice, speaking to her. She saw his eyes, obviously liking her. Even while she listened and answered, in her mind Audrey launched into her usual dream: Suppose I were married to this man? Before, her lively imagination had always carried her through the whole story, from the wedding to the children to the blissful old age together. Now Audrey was surprised to find herself thinking of practical problems. Would her career interfere with her marriage? Was Jim Brown of her faith? If he weren't, difficulties would come up in raising the children. This time, she realized, it was more than idle dreaming.

When Jim took her home, he asked for a date the very next evening. In mannerly fashion, Audrey suggested that the night after next would be better. She'd been wary of Hollywood men, but Jim delighted her by simply shaking hands after he'd seen her to her door. So August 8, 1952 came to an end.

August 9th? As far as Audrey was concerned, that day didn't even exist. The next was too important. She and Jim went to the Mocambo. "He was such a gay blade then," Audrey recalls, her eyes shining. "I guess I've changed him a lot—but he's changed me, too. Now all either of us wants is to stay home nights."

Events seemed to move fast, but actually the two spent so much time together that the foundation of little Tara Brown's family life is very solid indeed. On September 1st, Audrey and Jim had had a date every single night for two weeks. She'd learned all about his plans, to be set in motion after he finished his drama course at UCLA. He wanted to be in the entertainment world. Producing was his final ambition, but he was willing to start at any sort of job, as long as it was in show business. Even beyond her own work (she was making "Titanic" then), Audrey shared his interests. Her father, she explained, was Samuel Goldwyn's representative in Ireland, so she'd grown up with talk of movies all around her.

Christmas Eve was a beautiful time to become formally engaged. And spring seemed the perfect season for a wedding. But as New Year's Eve approached, Audrey and Jim began to feel that they wanted to face the whole coming year—as well as all the future years—together. There were no obstacles. Jim was a Catholic, too, she'd discovered. Her career wouldn't stand in the way; his own ambitions made him sympathetic to hers. In fact, the two had even faced danger together—an unusual test.

The crucial event had come after a carefree evening of dancing at the Mocambo. As the young pair went toward Jim's car, they saw what looked like a hold-up. Two men were backing away from a parked car where a frightened woman sat, frozen by the sight of a gun aimed at her. As soon as the men had gotten into another car and sped off, the woman screamed.

"Quick!" Jim told Audrey. "Jump in!" Without a question or a moment's hesitation, she obeyed and his car roared after the bandits. Up into the dark hills they

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vent. When the car ahead turned and tarted back toward the Strip, Jim turned nd followed. Spotting a filling station hat was open, Jim slowed long enough to hout an SOS for the police. At the next ain intersection the police were waiting, ummoned by a call from the filling station. he gunmen were arrested, while Jim and udrey were complimented for their good itizenship.

So the two had not only spent hours in evealing talk—each had seen how the ther reacts in a crisis. They wanted to tart the New Year as Mr. and Mrs. James rown. Impulsively, they hopped a plane San Francisco and their wedding. Audrey was married wearing a pink lace ress, Jim's favorite. He wore a dark suit. wasn't until the ceremony was all over at she wired her people and he telehoned his.

"I just shiver now," Audrey says, "when think how little Jim and I knew one anther then. We were really taking chances -but we were so much in love we didn't now enough to be scared."

As it turned out, there was nothing to e afraid of. Early in their marriage, the oung Browns began building the secure, erene sort of home life that would make perfect setting for the children they anted so much. Immediately after grading from UCLA, Jim got a job with evue Productions, a TV-film outfit, where e still works—from nine to six, six days week. He and Audrey live in Westwood illage, miles from Republic Studios, here Revue films are produced. That, he romptly discovered, meant he had to get p at seven each working day.

"And," Audrey adds, "that means I usuly get up at six-thirty to fix special ishes for Jim's breakfast. I love to bake, nd Jim gobbles up hot breads and such ings, even though he won't let me eat them. You see, when I first came over here, after the postwar food shortages of London, I simply couldn't get my fill of sweets. But Jim told me, the moment I was his wife, that I was too heavy. I've lost nearly fifteen pounds since then—and I do know that I look much better, besides feeling terrific.

"The next thing my husband did was to see that I became better groomed. He actually has much better taste in clothes than I have, and he began going with me whenever I went shopping. When he gives me a little present, it's almost always something to wear—white gloves, extra sheer hose, tiny veils. We give each other presents all the time: On the first of every month, because that's the day we were married; on the eighth, the day we met; on the twenty-fourth, when we became engaged; and on the twenty-second, the day our daughter was born." Glowingly she says, "We haven't had a single quarrel —not one."

But they did have to do some arbitrating when it came to choosing furniture. Audrey liked period pieces; Jim loved modern. They got modern. Audrey wanted red carpeting in their little house; Jim preferred old rose. They got old rose—but not until the lack of any carpeting was responsible for little Tara's appearance in the world almost two months ahead of schedule. Audrey had been cleaning and waxing the bare bedroom floor when she straightened up too fast and slipped and fell to the floor, bringing the baby on almost immediately.

In one way, at least, this too has been a blessing.

As soon as she found that Tara was on the way, all the girls she knew in Hollywood (and her married sisters, writing from Dublin) told her to be prepared for two or three months of boredom toward the end, when it would seem that the baby, so anxiously awaited, would just *never* arrive.

"That's why," she says, "after seven months had gone by, I was just plain glad that I was going to give birth prematurely. I know I should have been frightened, but I wasn't. A jagged pain stabbed me when I fell in the bedroom, and I felt my baby give a big kick. I crawled over to the phone, called Jim, called my doctor. As I was waiting for them, I thought, 'This is right for me. Now I'll never be bored with my baby.'

"Only a few hours later, she was in my arms. I named her Tara, because that's an Irish place name, and also it's in your American wonder-novel 'Gone with the Wind,' as the name of *Scarlett*'s home. And now . . . I've never been so happy in my whole life. Jim says he's never been so happy either."

Every so often, Audrey suddenly pictures herself as she was only two years ago —the lonesome English girl, far from her family, starving for love in a strange country. That memory makes present moments all the sweeter by contrast. Here she is, no longer homesick, but in her own home, with a family of her own. "We want lots of children. I want Jim to be a very big success in his work. If I can have some success, too . . . well, I'll love it, but I want my home, my husband, my babies first."

And that is the way Audrey has kept it, even while she's working on "Drum Beat" with Alan Ladd. Somehow there's always enough time snatched from movie-making to allow Audrey to do the things that are really important—the cuddling and the loving and the blissful relaxation with little Tara.

THE END

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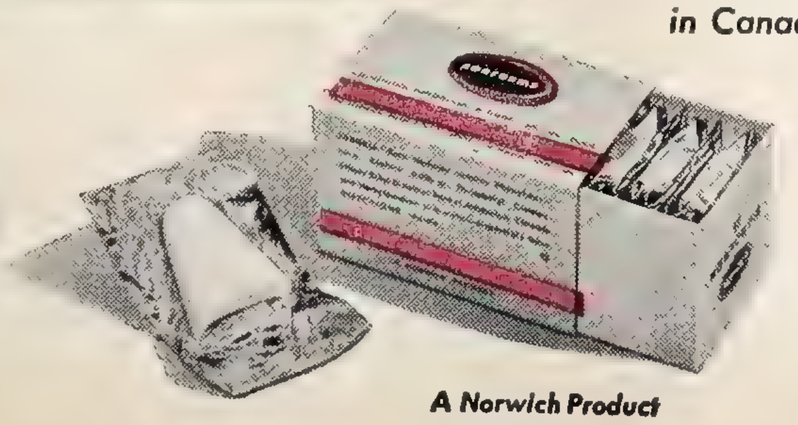
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(*Continued from page 55*)

She seemed to be giving too much of herself, her time and her energy to her work and her charities—her church and a thousand and one other organizations have known for a long time that Ann Blyth is a girl who can't say no—that she had no time left at all just for herself, to go out for an evening with a man, for instance, just for fun. I was afraid she would miss her Right Man, that he would come along and Ann would be too busy to notice.

Ann knew this, too. She knew it all along, and I needn't have worried. None of those men I introduced her to, hoping to make a match, was the Right Man. She was, as always, sweet and polite, but *apart*. When Jim McNulty walked into her life one day about a year and a half ago, Ann recognized him as the Right Man at once, and he was *her* man, the only man, right from the start. I'm glad for her; she deserved to find him.

Those early years, when I fretted so unnecessarily about her, she wasn't anxious. She was waiting, calmly and confidently. She knew exactly what she wanted, and she wanted it enough to know in her heart she would not be denied it.

I remember—I shall never forget—the night when I first realized the urgency of her longing. It was Christmas Eve, almost seven years ago, Little Paul's first Christmas. He was just nine months old. Paul and I had just moved into our new home, and we were so dizzy with pride and joy that we wanted to share our happiness. We put the last bright bauble on the Christmas tree, lit the first fire in our brand-new fireplace and then threw open the big front door to say welcome to a dozen or so of our very closest friends and relatives.

Ann came alone, looking like a Christmas angel fit to deck a tree herself, and sat quietly drinking it all in—the happy family scene, the aroma of spruce and candles. Little Paul recognized her at once as a friend. She has an affinity for children, and they know it. They move to her as though magnetized.

She held Little Paul in her arms that night and sat with him at the foot of the Christmas tree, and after awhile she began to sing, all the old, familiar Christmas carols, in that sweet, pure voice of hers. It was the first time that we had known what a beautiful voice she had. She had been studying quietly and had never sung in public.

No one talked. Little Paul was silent, hypnotized. It was a magic night.

She handed the baby back to me when it was time for him to go to bed. "Thank you," she said. A little later, she slipped away—alone, again.

Paul and I talked about her late that night.

"She has to find it," I said, with real urgency. "She *has* to find it, just as we have found it."

Ann had to wait, five long years, but she did find it. Her man, her place in life as mistress of her own home. And now, so soon, just as Paul and I were blessed so soon, the beginning of her family.

As you probably know, Ann's baby was born June 10th, a happy, seven-and-a-half pound beautiful boy named Timothy Patrick McNulty. Ann was conscious throughout and saw everything, as I hoped she would because it will make her baby even more dear to her. Father Jim was just like any other expectant father—obstetrician or not. He sat down, stood up, paced the floor and sat down again. He didn't go into the delivery room but forced himself to watch the proceedings through the glass window as Dr. Bernard Hanley, Jim's partner, delivered little Timothy Patrick.

Less than half an hour later, Ann was returned to her room in a lively mood, and later the baby was brought in to her for feeding. That is perhaps the happiest time in a mother's life—holding her baby and feeding it for the first time—and Ann must have felt the same sense of fulfillment and achievement I felt. Little Timothy curled close to his mother and kept falling asleep as she fed him—a happy contented baby who knew his life would be filled with love and security.

I can predict out of my own rich experience some of the emotions Ann will experience in the next few months. She will be blissfully happy with her baby—fulfilled as never before. She will be calm and accepting, and he will be calm in return and content. I doubt if any baby of Ann's will have colic or feeding problems.

Ann will have a fresh spurt of gratitude—as I did—in the first few weeks after she brings her baby home that she had the good sense to marry a man a few years older than she is. Jim McNulty is ten years older than Ann, and I'm so glad. I remember what it meant (Paul is seven years older and I was an ignorant infant of nineteen when we were married) to have a husband who was mature enough to take small crises in stride when the first baby was little.

After a few months Ann will have the experience—painful at first—of seeing her impeccably perfect French provincial house "antiqued." Not by design—by her baby's experiments. But she will relax after a bit and enjoy it, knowing that you can't live the elegant life with toys in the living room. But who wants to?

Ann will be torn, as I have been torn, when first she has to leave her child in the care of others to go back to her work. She will keep her commitment to sing at the Sahara in Las Vegas six short weeks after her baby is born because she is conscientious about commitments. For the first three hours of the engagement, perhaps, she will find it stimulating and satisfying. And then she will start wondering what the baby is doing, and how he is changing—and with his Mother away from home!—and she will work with only half of her heart. I know. Paul and I left all of our children last year to go to Africa, where I made "Duel in the Jungle," and two hours after our plane left Los Angeles I was tortured with homesickness.

Ann will go through this, and like me, I am certain will vow never to go away without her child again. I am developing a phobia about separating my group. She will too, and she will agree with me (rationalizing?) that children *need* the experience of seeing different parts of the world and different kinds of people, that their security, their home is wherever their parents are.

Her work will never again be as all absorbing to Ann as it was before she married Jim. She will always act, as I will, for both of us need this too to be complete. But never again will the job as an actress be her most important job. She will give it only a part of her heart.

"A part of a happy heart," I want to say to her, "dear Ann, is enough." You and Jim, like Paul and I, will be satisfied with moderate material success, we don't want the biggest houses in town or the flashiest swimming pools.

We want to work, because work is growth—but so is love and marriage and children and home.

I am so glad, dear Ann, that you have found them.

THE END

The Guy With the Grin

(*Continued from page* 47)

newcomers. Luscious young starlets and more firmly established stars, so long as they were unattached at the moment, were willing and even eager to be dated by him.

Bill would have none of them. He was, for one thing, working to the very limit of his energies. Overnight, he had been plunged into an acting career. He not only had a lot to learn—he *knew* he had a lot to learn. Even then, there was a deep vein of seriousness in him; even then, he loved acting for acting's own sake and wanted to be good at it.

He had a good friend, a man named Hugh McMullan who had been dialogue director for "Golden Boy." Hugh and Bill shared a small house in the Hollywood hills, and Hugh used to worry, mildly, because for Bill life consisted of so much work and so little play. One after the other, pretty girls that Hugh knew were invited to the bachelor quarters for dinner. Bill was polite, he was friendly, but he wasn't interested.

He was even less interested when Hugh mentioned a young actress named Brenda Marshall whom he'd known in New York, and who was now in Hollywood under a Warner Brothers contract. For Brenda was in the process of securing a divorce from her first husband, actor Richard Gaines, and she had a baby daughter. Bill Holden wasn't complicating his life by having anything to do with a married woman—no sir!

But Bill went to the Warner Brothers lot, on loan, to star in a picture called "Invisible Stripes," and it happened that Brenda visited the lot one day to see her friend Jane Bryan. She and Bill were introduced, chatted awhile—and that was that.

"I thought he was very nice—and very good-looking," Brenda confesses today. Bill says more forthrightly, "I couldn't forget her."

He tried, for about three months. Then he gave up, and called Brenda late one day. "If you're not busy tonight—?" he suggested, and Brenda, with visions of a romantic twosome in some discreetly lighted night spot, averred that she was not at all busy. "Then I'll come around right away. They're shooting some night battle scenes for 'The Fighting 69th!' I thought you'd be interested in watching. We'll pick up something to eat on the way."

Oh well, Brenda thought. *If that's the kind of guy he is—* And she chose something serviceable and washable to wear on the dusty location spot where a World War I battle was being restaged.

They had their romantic evenings later. But they also had horseback rides and badminton games, hunting trips and swimming expeditions, in rather greater number. Bill is a good dancer, and enjoys dancing. He just doesn't enjoy it quite as much as the more strenuous forms of physical activity. He soon learned a healthy respect and admiration for Brenda's skill in these pursuits, and for her knowledgeability about sports in general.

Bill and his Ardis—he never called her Brenda, and does not now—didn't rush into marriage. They were married twenty-one months after their first meeting, in Las Vegas. It was not a very romantic elopement, sad to say. Bill was working and could get only the weekend off. So he chartered a plane for a Saturday night flight, made arrangements by long-distance telephone for the Congregational minister to meet them in his chapel at 10 P.M., and reserved the bridal suite at El Rancho Vegas.

Both Bill and his best man, Brian Don-



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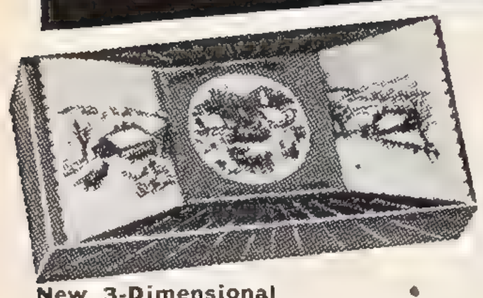


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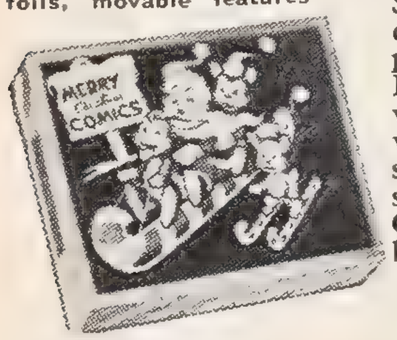
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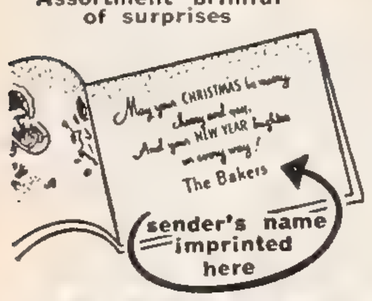
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levy, were held up on the set for some overtime shooting, so the plane was behind schedule when it left the ground. Halfway to Vegas, they ran into bad weather and had to land on a muddy emergency field and go the rest of the way by hired car. It was three in the morning when the bridal party limped into Las Vegas. The minister had gone to bed and the hotel had given the bridal suite to another couple.

Bill was discouraged but not daunted. He roused the minister, who performed the ceremony in a hotel room at four A.M. "Then on Monday I went back to work while Ardis moved our things into the new house we'd bought for the honeymoon we couldn't have. Because on Wednesday she left for three weeks on location in Canada. By the time she came back, I'd gone to Carson City on location for my own picture. I left Carson City suddenly, in an ambulance which took me to the Cedars of Lebanon hospital for an emergency appendectomy. The day before I was to be released, she began getting pains in her left side. The doctor took a look at her, and the next thing either of us knew she was being wheeled into the operating room to get rid of *her* appendix. Some honeymoon!"

But that wonderful Holden grin robs the last two words of any bitterness.

It is a matter of sober fact, though, that Bill and Ardis had very little chance to get to know each other in the early years of their marriage. It was July, 1941, when they were married, and in December of that year the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and the nation was at war. Bill completed the picture he was making for Paramount, and then, on April 17, he enlisted in the Army. He was in the service until after the war had ended—November, 1945, to be exact.

Those who knew him in the Army say that Bill Holden was a good soldier. He asked for no favors, plainly expected none. After basic training, as he became eligible, he applied for admission to Officers' Candidate School, was accepted, completed the rugged course of advanced training there and was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Air Corps Training Command. He took the assignments that came his way and did the jobs he was told to do, submerging his own individuality, his own hopes and desires, melting into the organization that was the Army. When sent overseas, he gave no outward sign either of relief or of disappointment. He simply obeyed orders "for the duration," filling administrative posts at training fields.

He behaved, in fact, not like a famous Hollywood star but like the son of William and Mary Beedle, two ordinary, unglamorous Americans.

Bill Holden was born William Beedle, Jr., in the small town of O'Fallon, Illinois. His father was a young chemist, his mother was a school teacher. Both are people of character, and early in Bill's life they began the task of building character in their son.

One thing they taught Bill—perhaps, he thinks today, the most important thing—is that there can be no privilege without an accompanying responsibility. The young Bill had plenty of play time and fun, but he always knew that in order to pay for his enjoyment he must do certain chores. He remembers an occasion when he rebelled against attending Sunday school because it was a heady spring day and he wanted to go fishing. Sunday school in the Beedle family was a must, but Mrs. Beedle did not scold, neither did she threaten. She merely remarked that Bill could certainly skip Sunday school if he were willing to skip the movies next Saturday. Bill saw the point, as he was to see it many times in his formative years.

When Bill was five, the family moved to Monrovia, California. There was a younger brother by then, and a year or so later a third was born. The Beedles prospered, modestly, until the nineteen-thirties, when the depression hit them at the same time that Bill's father was laid up with pneumosilicosis, an illness which kept him bedridden for three years. Bill, at twelve, became the man of the family, caring for his father, his two brothers and himself while Mrs. Beedle took up her profession of teaching once more.

"Bill was wonderful," Mrs. Beedle says today. "Many a night I'd come home, tired and worried, and find that the three boys had the house spick-and-span and dinner started. Bill would pull out my chair at the table and seat me as if I were visiting royalty. We didn't have much to laugh about in those days, but we laughed just the same."

Mr. Beedle recovered, happily, the depression eased its grip on the nation, and there was money for Bill to attend Pasadena Junior College, with an eye to following in his father's footsteps as a chemist. Chemistry did not particular inspire him, but in his late teens he didn't know exactly what would inspire him more. Without seriously believing he could ever act professionally, he was active in college dramatics, and it was while he was playing the role of a seventy-year-old man at the Pasadena Playhouse that a Paramount talent scout saw him and was—to put it mildly—impressed.

"Any green kid who can convince me he's an old man—there is an actor!" the scout reported to his studio superiors.

Artie Jacobson, head of talent at Paramount, sent for Bill and offered him what any other twenty-year-old would have jumped at—a screen test. "We'll shoot it a week from now," Jacobson said briskly. "Every day until then, report here at the studio for coaching."

But Bill shook his head regretfully. "I can't, Mr. Jacobson. We're having finals all next week and I can't skip classes and risk flunking out."

It wasn't, you see, that Bill didn't care about the test. He did care, passionately. But he had a responsibility to his parents, who had made certain definite sacrifices to send him to college. By great good fortune, Jacobson was wise enough to recognize character when he saw it. He arranged for Bill's coaching to take place at an hour every day which would not interfere with final examinations. Bill passed the examinations with flying colors, took the test, and was given a Paramount contract at $50 a week.

Ordinarily, this would have meant nothing but a bit part in a Paramount picture—or not even that. But William Perlberg, preparing to produce "Golden Boy" at Columbia and searching for a girl to play the sister, asked Paramount to let him see the test made by one of its starlets. It happened to be Bill's test too, and when Perlberg had seen it he telephoned Paramount excitedly: "You've found our Golden Boy!"

It happens that way sometimes. Not often, but sometimes. In one enormous leap, William Beedle, unknown, became William Holden, playing the title role in an important picture. But always, along with the privilege, went the responsibility. Bill plunged into work harder than any he'd ever known—rehearsals, boxing lessons, violin lessons, voice lessons, coaching sessions. Now, if ever, he learned the value of the self-discipline his parents had made part of his nature.

He learned it again during his days in the Air Corps. Enlisting when he did, he had interrupted his career at a crucial

point. He was known in Hollywood as a promising young leading man, but he hadn't yet become firmly established as a star. His earnings had not been great. He left behind him a young wife and a stepdaughter, Ardis's little girl Virginia —and early in 1943 it became apparent that Ardis was going to have another child.

Bill and Ardis had talked about this—planned for children, hoped for them. They had agreed that when Ardis became a mother she would retire from the screen completely. Their conversations had taken place before Bill enlisted, but the changed circumstances didn't alter their decision. Before Peter Westfield Holden was born on November 17, 1943, Brenda Marshall abandoned her career—for good.

It was a considerable sacrifice. As the war went on, Ardis and Bill found they had to watch the pennies very carefully in order to make ends meet on his Air Corps pay. And when at last the war was over and Bill was discharged, they learned that the few months' delay between V-J Day and his November discharge date had been crucial. Hollywood had already recovered from its wartime shortage of leading men. Although Bill was still under joint contract to Paramount and Columbia, there seemed to be nothing for him to do. For eleven months he sat around, apprehensively wondering if he'd ever act before a camera again.

"All the time I was in the Army," he said later, "I was well adjusted. But when I got out, if ever there was a time that I doubted myself, that was it. I was supposed to go right into 'Dear Ruth' but they kept postponing it. Instead of the feeling of freedom I had counted on having as a civilian, I didn't know what to do with myself. For eleven months I was a fugitive from a psychoanalyst. I was short-tempered, moody and depressed. I avoided all my friends."

It was a simple case of jitters—of being afraid that he was forgotten, finished, as an actor. He needn't have worried, of course. "Dear Ruth" was finally made; it was a smash hit; and from there on Bill went on to greater and greater successes.

Today the Holdens live in a roomy Georgian house with a flagstone front and four bedrooms. They bought it shortly after the birth of their second son, Scott Porter, in 1946. In it, they lead a relaxed kind of life—a sensible life. They night-club very little. Their closest friends are the Ronald Reagans, the Richard Carlsons, the Glenn Fords. Any or all of these couples are apt to drop in on a Sunday afternoon when, as is well known, the master of the house will be found presiding over the barbecue grill.

Bill loves to cook, and he loves food. Not as to quantity—he doesn't eat a great deal, as a matter of fact—but as to quality and variety. "It fascinates me," he says. "I even like to read about it."

Another of his enthusiasms is shooting. He has his own gun collection, comprising eleven rifles and nine pistols, which he lovingly cleans and cares for himself. He enjoys classical music and ballet, but not opera—it's too artificial for his matter-of-fact taste. He has a healthy self-respect, which once led him to go on suspension rather than take a role he didn't like, and an equally healthy modesty, which keeps him working and studying to perfect himself as an actor.

Ardis, he says simply, "is my right arm. When Ardis gives me advice, I take it. She's always right."

And somehow you feel that Bill Holden wouldn't consider it very sensible to treat his wife as anything less than a full partner in his life, to be respected and consulted . . . and, of course, loved.

THE END

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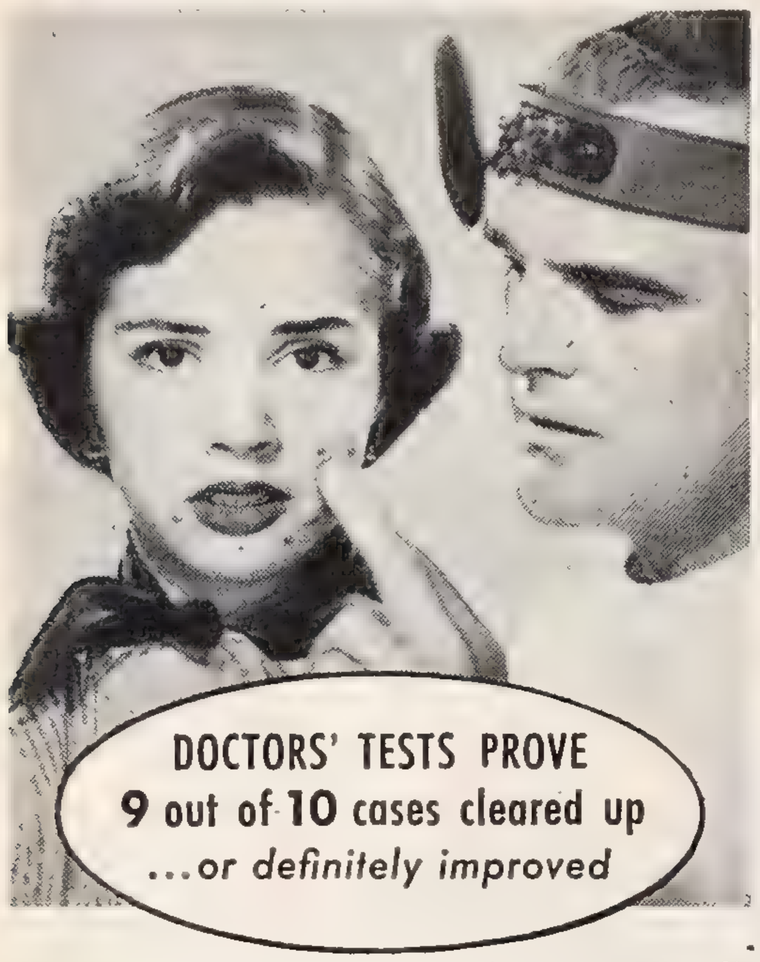
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INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page 37*

exclaimed, "that we're going to have a baby in 1955." Gower chuckled. "I know," he answered nonchalantly, "I gave out the story yesterday!"

Moving Daze: It's moving day for beautiful, blond and bombastic Kathleen Hughes, who's always living with her mother. "I fell in love with this little place in the hills," sighs the girl with the torso silhouette. "because it has a fireplace and a built-in aerial." As an afterthought, she added: "I wish I had a television set!" . . . Publicist-socialite Richard Gully is still head flower-sender in Vera-Ellen's life. She arranged a special showing of "White Christmas" for him. It's Paramount's first super-colossal production in exciting VistaVision, starring Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney and Missy Vera.

Happiness for two: In the July issue, Photoplay published the story of June Haver and Fred MacMurray—of two lonely people who met and found with each other the companionship they needed. It was inevitable that they should fall in love. But love brought problems. Problems that had to be faced before they could talk of marriage. Fred needed time for his two children to share his feelings towards June. For June, it meant days of anxiously weighing her heart's needs—for she would be marrying outside of her faith. But fate smiled once—when they met—and everyone who loves these two believes that it will smile again and bring no shadows to the marriage they have embarked upon with so much hope.

Credit Department: Anyone directing one word of criticism at Joan Crawford will have to answer to George Nader. It was La Crawford who plugged the handsome guy to U-I executive Milton Rackmil. Now George has a long-term contract and he gets his big break replacing Jeff Chandler, who bowed out of "Five Bridges to Cross." . . . Robert Stack is on the praise wagon too. Without the help and encouragement of John Wayne, says Bob, he never could have given that surprise performance in "The High and the Mighty." And speaking of the "Duke," when fifteen-year-old Pat Wayne was selected for "The Long Gray Line" by director John Ford (who happens to be the lad's godfather) proud Papa played the role of agent—but didn't collect his ten per cent commission!

Acid Test: When Terry Moore heard they were looking for a sixteen-year-old to play Greer Garson's daughter in "Strange Woman in Town," the enterprising little lady put on bobby so blouse and skirt and combed her hai in pigtails. Then she headed for Wa ners. Half way across town a moto cycle officer flagged her down. "But wasn't speeding," fumed Terry. " know it," came the dry reply, "but yo look too young to be driving a ca Let's see your driver's license." Sighe Terry sweetly: "If *only* you were casting director!"

Hollywood's Happy About: Clar Gable's decision to remain in picture which came to light when he signed percentage deal with 20th—with ou side picture-making privileges yet! . . William Holden's announcement tha acting talent instead of "big names will be given first consideration in cas ing his newly formed Toluca Produ tions, of which he is president . . . D rector William Wellman's predictio that Tab Hunter will be a top-rankin star after the release of "Battle Cry and "Track of the Cat" (he's just bee signed to co-star with Robert Mitchum

It's the Truth: That "Cry Baby" Joh nie Ray wasn't too happy over h recording session with Doris Day—b there are always two sides to a story . That Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunt now admit they're having the same a guments most young couples have, b their marriage is solid, man, solid! . That the recent birth of Mario Lanza fourth child (a boy) catapulted th tempestuous singer into such a hapy frame of mind, his return to the scree is imminent . . . That Shelley Winte proclaims she'll never marry an act again, after her heartbreakin expe ence with Vittorio Gassman.

To You from Cal: Whenever Pip Laurie hears "Tell Me You're Mine her eyes grow misty. It was her nu ber-one favorite in Dick Contino repertoire during their romantic inte lude . . . Elaine Stewart is much mo interested in studying medicine a psychiatry than being seen in nig clubs—and she doesn't expect you believe it either! . . . Jerry Lewis intr duces Dean Martin as, "My partn whose talent is exceeded only by h alimony!" . . . Jeff Donnell broke t completely visiting Aldo Ray, who w doing a tender but dramatic scene the "Battle Cry" set . . . Someone su gested that Jean Simmons and Stewa Granger invest in raising chinchilla So Michael Wilding and Liz Tayl also suggested they write a book: "H to Raise Your Own Fur Coat!"

Young at Heart: For a guy who hat to travel alone, Rock Hudson took for Ireland to make "Captain Lightfoo

in high spirits: U-I script girl Betty Abbott promised she'd fly over to see the sights with Rock, even if she doesn't work on the picture. And Rock's wistfully wishing the news story about his new three-thousand-dollar-a-week contract was fact—not fiction! . . . It was quite a sight to see Debbie Reynolds entertaining recently. Personal press agents keep coupling their clients' names with this popular pixie. So Debbie put her sense of humor to work and threw a party for all the fellows she'd *never* met! . . . Julia Adams has the highest-priced dancing instructor in Hollywood and all points east. Name: Donald O'Connor. Remarks: He's quite impressed with the lovely lady and decided this was the best way to see her oftener!

Spending Spree: Fortunately for Marilyn Monroe, she doesn't have many days off from "There's No Businses Like Show Business." All she bought on her first free day was a black mink coat, a brand-new Cadillac car and, as a gag gift for her husband, Mrs. DiMaggio dashed into the popular "Gifts for Men" shop and picked up a pair of those new *pink* linen slacks. Well, Gary Cooper wears them. Maybe Joe will call Marilyn's bluff and put 'em on!

Song and Dance Man: "Let's rehearse right *now*," Ethel Mermen exclaimed. "You're going to sing a song with me!" She and Bob Wagner were on a plane flying to Denver where Miss Show Business was to m.c. a theatre opening. "It happened so suddenly," grins Bob, "I didn't start to shake until it was all over." The audience went wild over their duet of "I Hear Music" and now, of course, Bob's bitten by the singing bug so badly—"I won't be happy until I make a musical!" Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler and other new members of the crooner's union—please note.

Seen and Heard: Jack Benny to Ann Sothern at the Bob Hopes' charity bazaar: "From the back I couldn't tell if you were a fellow who needs a haircut, or a girl who just had one!" Ann back to Jack: "And what about the front?" Jack throwing up his hands: "I can tell—I can tell!" . . . And while we're in the Italian-haircut department, movie-mogul Howard Hughes believes short hair on women is very unglamorous. So Jane Russell's promised the boss she'll shy away from shears.

Did You Know: That Jane Wyman, who isn't a Catholic, is attending church regularly with husband Freddy Karger, who is . . . That recent bride Jean Peters is a great baseball fan. When left-fielder Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox broke his collar bone, Jean sent him a fan letter although she doesn't know him . . . That Montgomery Clift is crazy about Wil Wright's famous Sunset Strip ice cream. Every time a Hollywood buddy flies east, a few fancy quarts of the stuff flies with him . . . That Mel Ferrer always carries a tiny silver pill box in his pocket. It contains—Audrey Hepburn's vitamins . . . That Richard Egan lost a plushy role with John Wayne and Susan Hayward in "The Conqueror"—because he was too good looking!

Silver Lining: Cal believes John Derek is the happiest hamola in Hollywood! "My new Paramount contract boosted my morale sky high," he beams, "but my personal plans are just as exciting too. You see, no actor has ridden an Arabian stallion since Valentino—three decades ago. So I had to plead with producer Walter Wanger to ride my own Fakaar in 'The Adventures of Hajji Baba.' He isn't a movie-trained horse and this gave me an idea. I have my eye on a ten-acre ranch in Northridge. If I can swing it, I'm going to start a training school for movie-star horses! It's never been done before." Cal says: "And John's just the boy who can do it."

On the Town: Doris Day and Marty Melcher introducing Armenian food to friends at the popular "Sasha's Palate" in the valley . . . Elizabeth Taylor, along with Michael Wilding, celebrating the "unveiling" of her sequin-studded leg cast, with June Allyson and Dick Powell at Jack's at the beach . . . The Howard Keels and the Alan Ladds making up a fascinating foursome at the new Players restaurant on the Sunset Strip . . . Bare-chested Charlton Heston waiting for a hamburger in an open car at a Beverly Hills drive-in . . . Jerry Lewis surrounded by pals and his favorite turkey, ham and coleslaw sandwich in the Gotham delicatessen.

Last Minute News: U-I was all set and ready to sign handsome Richard Allan for zee big build up, when 20th gummed up the works by renewing Dick's contract for another year . . . Mona Freeman and Frank Sinatra insist their dating is purely platonic, while Ava Gardner, who's now back in Hollywood, denies there's a new Latin lover in her life . . . And still another production number has been added to "A Star Is Born" (it's already three hours long!). . . . Jess Barker went ahead and filed an affidavit contesting Susan Hayward's request for permission to take their twins on location with her. And speaking of the realistic redhead, Bob Mitchum hopes she'll refuse to play opposite him when she makes "Untamed" for 20th. "Maybe if I'm repulsive enough," kids the inimitable Mitch, "I won't be loaned out and in August my RKO contract will finally end!"

THE END

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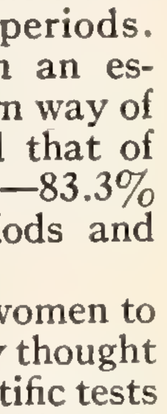
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My Friend Brando

(*Continued from page* 61)

enough strength of character to be completely themselves.

If Marlon doesn't own a car, except a pretty battered old jalopy out in California, it's because he has no use for one. If he doesn't go to nightclubs, it's because he doesn't enjoy them. I know he owns at least a couple of good suits, but usually he wears a faded pair of dungarees, sneakers and an old T shirt. Why shouldn't he, if that's the way he's most comfortable?

Sure—I've been to parties with Marlon when he was dressed very neatly and very well. When he has to go to one, he can be as nice and charming and well-behaved as anyone I know. But he won't go to a large party if he can possibly get out of it. He doesn't like to drink and he doesn't smoke. He does like stimulating talk, but that's the one thing you rarely find at a party. When he comes to visit us, he either brings a date, or we spend the evening with him alone. We'll take our time over dinner, talk and later maybe listen to records. He loves music and has a big record collection himself. There's hardly anyone I know who's better company than Marlon in a small group.

He's crazy about kids and usually tries to come early so he can spend a little time with my little girl, Mila, who is six. She adores him, and when he's with her he acts like a big kid himself. He'll roll on the floor, romp and dance with her, read or tell her stories—he's come up with some whoppers—and hatch out more mischief than even she can think of by herself. The last time he was over, he got there before I came home, and when I opened the door, they both jumped at me. The lights were out and they had covered themselves with bed sheets, playing ghost. On the other hand, with our second little girl, Karla, who was born last August, he was as gentle as a lamb. I've known a lot of young fathers to be clumsier with their own kids.

He really loves children, and I've often wondered why he doesn't settle down and raise a family of his own. Of course, Marlon's still quite young—he was thirty last April—and some day I expect he'll be hit hard and take the dive, but for the time being he seems to prefer playing the field and not tying himself down. When he eventually does marry, I believe it will be for keeps. He probably knows that himself, and I guess he gets cold feet and starts running each time he feels he's beginning to get himself tangled up.

While he gives the impression of always being on the run, he definitely does not run so fast the girls don't have a chance to catch up. I've seen Marlon date a number of girls, and not one of them fit a set pattern—except that they all had either brains or talent. They were dancers, painters, actresses or secretaries, all of them interesting and some unusual, though not necessarily beautiful. According to his mother he always fell in love with the ugly ducklings of the neighborhood, even when he was still a kid in school. That's no longer true as far as I can judge, but a girl certainly has to have more than beauty before she can interest Marlon.

Of course, he's got a terrific appeal for women. When we were together in "Streetcar," there wasn't a night he didn't have a stack of letters waiting for him at the theatre or that he didn't have to grin his way through a whole cluster of admirers waiting for him at the stage door. They came in all age groups, from bobby-soxers to women of sixty. And that was before he became nationally famous in movies.

Actually the brutish character of *Stanley Kowalski* he portrayed in the play was quite alien to him. That's why he was particularly pleased when he aroused the purely maternal instinct in at least one woman. A lawyer presented himself in his dressing room one night, asking him to accept a present from a wealthy woman client who preferred to remain anonymous. Marlon was frankly delighted. He likes to receive presents fully as much as he likes to give them—and he gives plenty of them. At one time he sent a struggling musician friend a grand piano as a gift.

Once when we expected Marlon for dinner out in Hollywood, my wife Mona thought she'd ask another girl to make it a foursome. I don't want to mention the name, but the girl she asked is one of the most beautiful and sought-after young women in Hollywood. About ten minutes before she was expected she called up to say she was awfully sorry, but that Pamela, her pet poodle, was sick.

"That's too bad," Mona said. "We've asked Marlon Brando to be your date. I thought you'd enjoy meeting him."

A few minutes later the girl called back. "I put Pamela in the hospital," she said. "I'll be right over."

With that kind of attention from women, you'd think Marlon would be spoiled and conceited. He's confident, of course, but spoiled and conceited—definitely not. For one thing, he's far too sensitive for that. Marlon's one of the most sensitive people I know. He's so thin-skinned and so easily hurt, he seems able to sense one person's hostility or dislike in a crowd of a hundred people. When that happens, his first reaction is to shrink away. On the other hand, he isn't too proud to make an effort to win people.

I happen to know one of the boys from the paraplegic ward at Birmingham Veterans' Hospital where Marlon spent four weeks prior to the shooting of "The Men." Marlon was in a tough spot, a powerful, healthy guy forced to ape and study the poor devils who were paralyzed from the waist down. At first their resentment was like a brick wall. It didn't take them very long, though, to find out that Marlon was regular. The climax came one night as he was sitting in a wheel chair with his buddies in a nearby cafe when a well-meaning but not very bright lady harangued them with an admonition to pray for help. It's the kind of thing which—coming from an outsider—is deeply resented by people who suffer from an irremediable physical condition. It's exactly like asking God to grow a new leg in place of a severed one.

"Pray, boys, pray and have faith," she admonished, "and you will walk again."

Everybody was quiet, but Marlon sensed the deep bitterness in his pals. Only laughter could break the rising tension. With a show of making a desperate effort, groaning, pushing himself up on the arm rests of his chair, Marlon struggled to his feet and started stumbling toward the lady. Accounts seem to differ over whether she fainted or fled in panic.

Another example that I witnessed myself I saw on the docks in Hoboken, New Jersey, when we were shooting "On the Waterfront." Part of the cast were a crew of regular stevedores, about the toughest bunch of men you can find anywhere. To say they were unimpressed by Marlon is to put it mildly. They figured he was a Hollywood bigshot, and they weren't going to give him an inch. Marlon spent about three weeks on the docks before the actual filming, going around with them, learning how they worked, sharing their lives as much as possible.

One day he was in the hold of a ship



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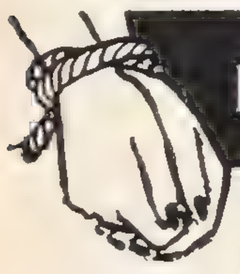
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watching them load heavy crates of machinery. A stevedore had been hurt and the gang was temporarily short. "Give us a hand, Marlon," said Brownie, the gang boss, and handed him the injured man's hook. It was dangerous work requiring a good deal of experience. Without a word Marlon took hold of the next crate. He probably would have continued working till the noon break if Brownie hadn't stopped him after a few minutes when the regular replacement was sent down. It was sort of a test. After that he was in.

Later, during the actual shooting, he saw to it that each man in turn got his chance to be in the picture right next to him. In order to tell and show Marlon that they liked him, they invited him to a party at one of their hangouts after the filming was finished. Unfortunately Marlon had to go out to Hollywood for a new assignment immediately and regretfully had to break that date. He left enough money with Brownie, though, to take care of the boys' gullets and stomach.

Although as the star of the picture he had a chauffeur-driven limousine at his disposal, he preferred riding the Hudson tubes between New York and New Jersey to and from work. He found it saved him time. Since he isn't fond of getting up before dawn, he saved even further time by traveling in his working clothes—an old, checkered woolen jacket, a greasy tie and rough works pants. It seems none of the commuters ever recognized him that way.

Marlon, however, is invariably kind when people do recognize him and ask for an autograph. I've seen him take off his mittens in freezing weather to scrawl his name for some kids, and he must have posed for more Brownie fans than he did for regular studio photographers.

Before Eva Marie Saint was engaged for the lead opposite him, Elia "Gadge" Kazan, our director, introduced her to the cast. It was Eva's first big break and she probably was a little shy and nervous.

"How do you like her?" Gadge asked Marlon, pulling him aside.

"I think she's swell," he answered. "But do you think she likes *me?*"

"Don't worry about it," Kazan smiled.

After that, Marlon made it a point of spending as much time as possible with Eva. They ate lunch together every day, and had long talks whenever possible. Since they had to play love scenes together, he wanted to become really fond of her and get to know her as well as he could. There was never any romance between them—Eva is happily married to Jeff Hayden, a successful young television director—but Marlon needs the glow that comes from sincere friendship and attachment to his leading ladies. As a result he's made fast friends of both Eva and her husband, Jeff. He was the same way with Kim Hunter in "Streetcar." They frequently took long walks in the country, which is one of Marlon's favorite ways of getting to know someone.

Marlon doesn't care for hunting or fishing, but he loves to be outdoors, roaming the countryside without any special goal or purpose. He doesn't play golf or tennis either, but he's real happy when he can flop down in a haystack, chewing a blade of grass and watching the clouds go by.

With all his maturity as an artist—and he is an artist, make no mistake about it, a real artist—he sometimes strikes me as still being a kid underneath it all. Once he made up what looked like a big black tarantula from bits of wool, string, twigs and scotch tape. For more than a week he had a wonderful time dangling it from a string in front of unwary victims. There's never anything mean in any of his jokes, but he loves that kind of prank. I really think it's that quality of boyishness in his character that makes him so likeable.

From what he tells me it got him into plenty of trouble, though, when he was in school. To this day you can't just tell Marlon to do anything. He hates to be pushed around and chafes under any form of rigid discipline. As a boy he seems to have set a minor record for the number of schools from which he was expelled. The last one was Shattuck Military Academy in Minnesota, where he was politely requested to leave just before graduation.

The reason for this request was a bomb of fire crackers he'd placed at the door of one of the tutors' rooms. He'd devised an ingenious method of setting it off by making a trail of hair lotion back to his room, which acted as a fuse when ignited. He figured it would burn up without a trace, giving him an airtight alibi that he was studying in his room. It burnt all right, but left the floor singed with a dramatic finger of guilt pointing to Marlon.

More than this one, however, he seems to regret an earlier prank which also backfired but for which he was not caught. The school had a bell on its roof, chiming away around the clock at fifteen-minute intervals. Marlon hated this constant reminder of time, of things he had to do or hadn't done. One night he climbed to the roof, disconnected the clapper and buried it in the ground. The clapper wasn't found, and since this was during the war and there was a shortage of metals, it couldn't be replaced. Marlon's regret springs from the fact that from then on the school used cadet buglers

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to blast away on the quarter hour. "The chimes," he says, "at least were melodious."

Marlon's quite musical, loves to dance and has a wonderful sense of rhythm. One of his hobbies is playing a set of Afro-Cuban drums. No, I don't know how his neighbors feel about that.

Another of his hobbies for a while was his big red motorcyle. On the day he bought it I remember asking Jessica Tandy, who played *Blanche Dubois* opposite him in "Streetcar," whether he could drive her home after the show. She said she'd be delighted. Jessica is a wonderful girl and a good sport, but she's also very much the lady. She did a real double-take when he led her to his motorcyle. A cop got her off the hook. He was there, too, writing out a ticket for illegal parking. While Marlon tried to talk him out of it—unsuccessfully, I might add—Jessica hopped into a cab.

With all his playfulness and exuberance, it's a fact that there's also a darker, brooding side to his character. I've seen him hit by sudden spells of moodiness and when that happens it's as though a dark shadow were cast over him. I don't know what eats him when he's depressed like that, and I suspect he doesn't know it himself. My guess is that he's simply a highly intelligent and very complex human being, and I'm satisfied to leave it at that.

Marlon's very first stage part was as the poet *Marchbanks* opposite Katharine Cornell's *Candida*. It's funny that ever since he's been cast as a tough guy, when he's really one of the kindest and gentlest persons I know. Maybe the inner drive that makes Marlon a great actor is the chance for release on stage and screen, the opportunity to project facets of his personality that he cannot live or even acknowledge in his personal relations. Off-stage, violence or brutality are completely alien to him. I can't think of anyone who is less of a bully than Marlon, and I don't imagine it's merely an accident that his closest personal friend should be Wally Cox of "Mr. Peepers."

What I like best about Marlon, in fact, is his real concern for the underdog, for the little guy who is liable to get hurt. Once during the shooting of "On the Waterfront," his stand-in told him that he hadn't been paid in a couple of weeks and needed the money. Marlon changed character almost before my eyes, and when Mr. Spiegel, the producer, came out to Hoboken next day, I honestly was afraid I'd see Marlon commit mayhem.

"What's the big idea of not paying Jack promptly?" he demanded furiously. "It's not one-tenth so important you pay me as it is to pay a guy like Jack who really needs the dough."

It was also typical that the one time I saw him get tough and badger someone he picked on the boss. I'm sure there was no malice on the part of Mr. Spiegel or anyone else, it was simply an oversight, but Marlon felt there was no excuse for that sort of thing. Incidentally, Marlon's probably the only actor in history to invent a new way of not getting a job. Once when he was to meet a producer he didn't like, he greeted him with a fresh-laid egg concealed in the palm of his hand.

Nor—be it said to his credit—is Marlon doing that sort of thing only since he's become an established star. Eight or nine years ago, when he was still struggling for recognition, his agent sent him to Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne for an audition for a part in one of their productions. He walked up on the stage and was handed a script from which he was to read. Even to this day he hasn't learned to give a good reading without time to study the script, and on that occasion he was completely tongue-tied.

"Well, say something," Alfred told him, annoyed. "Say anything you like."

"Hickory-dickory-dock," Marlon said and walked off the stage.

Needless to say that in the case of his stand-in he immediately helped the boy out by a personal loan. Marlon's probably the softest touch I know. He's completely unable to refuse anything to a friend—or to anyone else who's in need. I know of one mutual actor friend who was down on his luck and was supported by Marlon for close to a year. I know of another case where he did all he could to help a young couple who were friends of his. They were in love, out of work and broke. "Go ahead and get married," he told them. "Everything will work out all right." He helped them get jobs and tided them over with money when they needed it.

That kind of generosity is one of the reasons why he always used to be broke. Another is that he simply has no money sense. I once saw him tip a shoeshine boy five dollars. By contrast, you have to watch him like a hawk to keep him from putting the bite on you for an endless supply of quarters and dimes. When he really started making money his father, therefore, suggested to him that he let him handle his finances. Marlon's entire paycheck is now turned over to his father, who merely gives him an allowance: something like a hundred dollars a week when he often earns ten times that much. As a result Marlon is today probably more secure financially than most other successful young actors. Among other things, he owns a ranch in Nebraska with a herd of a thousand head of cattle. That kind of a backlog gives him the independence he cherishes above all other things.

As I mentioned before Marlon has no taste for luxury except the one of being completely free and unrestricted. He loves to travel and is fiercely jealous of his freedom, resenting bitterly any form of pressure and compulsion. I think, though, he's a little sorry today that his rebelliousness in school kept him from going to college. He has a great deal of intellectual curiosity, is very articulate and reads constantly to fill in the gaps in his formal education. He can be extremely serious, and I know of no one who works harder at his craft than Marlon. There's no foolishness about him during rehearsals. He's always prompt, and I've never seen him throw tantrums or become tempermental like a lot of stars.

His childhood, by the way, seems to have been a very happy one, despite his antics. The Brandos are a very closely knit family. He adored his mother and was grief-stricken when she passed away recently. He's on excellent terms with his father and very close to his two sisters who live in New York, for whom he frequently baby-sits for an evening with his little nieces.

What else do I know about Marlon? As I said, he likes to travel and is especially fond of France, though he doesn't go in for fancy cooking. When we've eaten together in restaurants he's usually suggested a dairy place, and once or twice we went to the House of Chan for a Chinese dinner. He plays a very good game of chess, but I've never seen him play cards or gamble. He likes jazz, bebop and modern dance. When he's in a play, he keeps in shape by going to Sid Klein's gym on Broadway to work out with barbells and do mat exercises. He's also an excellent horseback rider.

To sum it up, I'd say Marlon has a set of standards that may not necessairly jibe with those of a lot of movie people. But plain, ordinary folks never find him hard to take. There's real substance to him, and I for one consider it a privilege to call him a friend.

THE END

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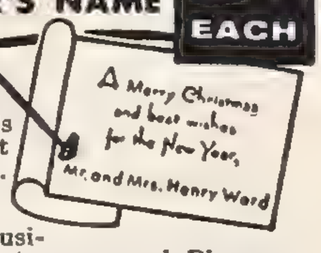
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Rock's Magnificent Obsession

(*Continued from page* 41)

go to Riverview Amusement Park in Chicago and you have hilarious times together riding the roller coaster there. When your grandmother dies unexpectedly, it's your first experience with death. You become hysterical at the funeral and have to be taken away. You can't realize she's really gone. That night you add a postscript to your prayers, "And God please take care of Grandma." You worry whether or not there's a "roller coaster in Heaven." You're afraid she's going to get "awful homesick" there. . . .

Now you're eleven years old, Roy Fitzgerald and you make your theatrical debut in the fifth-grade's Christmas play. You wear a long blue robe—a sheet dyed blue, with a hole in the middle for your head—and you barefoot it out on the stage as one of the "Three Wise Men."

At twelve, you're an ardent movie fan. Inspired by the movie "Hurricane," you decide to be a movie star and really dream it up big. You watch wide-eyed as Jon Hall dives from the ship into the lagoon before the admiring eyes of Dorothy Lamour. An excellent swimmer, you literally live in the waters of Lake Michigan. This year, too, you're the pride of Miss Pratt's dancing school. You defend a smaller boy when some older ones gang up on him, and out of gratitude, his wealthy mother rewards you and insists on paying for some dancing lessons.

Here's to the team—they're the green and the gray—

Remember the New Trior High School fight song, Roy? You sing in the school glee club and in the First Congregational Church choir. You win many swimming medals in school meets. During the summers and after school you work as a caddy, soda jerk, window washer, short-order cook, and you're employed by an awning company—but not for long. Lose your stripes, Roy?

"You can say that again, Ralph. I lost *all* the stripes—period. We removed awnings from in front of the town's better homes and stored them in the warehouse for the winter. There were about a hundred of them and I stored them away without labeling them. When we went to put them back, no one could figure out which awning belonged to which house. We had some of the funniest looking houses around town that year. . . ."

Your companion in many boyhood adventures is your life-long friend, Jimmy Mateoni, who's written something in the yearbook, "New Trior Echoes," but I can't quite make it out—

"I'll tell you what it says, Ralph. 'Lots of luck to a swell guy.' Roy and I have a lot of good memories—like taking three lunch periods at school and a few adventures on which we embarked. Roy was always talking about going into the Army Air Corps then. One Saturday we went to Chicago to the Loop to enlist. But before we got there, we chickened out and went to see 'The Road to Zanzibar' instead—"

In high school you lose your heart to a pretty brunette with dimples and big blue eyes—over a hot fudge sundae at Cooley's Cupboard, the school hangout in Evanston. Together you and Nancy Gillogly, Jimmy Mateoni and his girl, Barbara, are a steady foursome around town. You love to dance and you swing out in a mean jitterbug to the rhythm of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo"—but Barbara—now Barbara MacCrea of Westwood, California—can swing out better here—

"We used to go to 'The Limehouse Tavern' in Evanston, Mr. Edwards. They had a terrible three-piece-band, so we'd wait until the band quit, then we'd play Glenn Miller records in the jukebox and swing out on the 'New Trior Hop.' Roy and Jimmy were very good dancers, and sometimes driving home we'd stop the car, turn up the radio and dance in the street in front of the car lights. We had some pretty hilarious times. They were a comedy team anyway, Jimmy and Roy. One night coming home from a dance, Nancy and I stood guard while they took a For Sale sign from a vacant lot and transplanted it in the yard of a girl we were on the outs with at the time. Her folks had a lot of calls before they found the sign.

"We went to movies a lot then, too. Nancy and I were daffy about Alan Ladd. I remember when we went to see 'China' how we raved about Alan all the way home and Roy and Jimmy were so disgusted with us. Roy loved to eat, and we usually wound up at Cooley's Cupboard. One night we stopped by for some fudge cake and coffee, then we ordered cheeseburgers and curlicues (they're curly French fries), and topped it all off with banana fudge royal sundaes—"

Cooley's Cupboard is also the scene of the tiff you have with Nancy—the night before you go into the Navy—which cancels the lingering farewell scene you'd envisioned for that particular evening.

It's 1944 now, Roy—and you're also in hot water with the Navy. They've mistakenly marked you AWOL. You've finished boot camp at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and you're home on furlough, when you're suddenly taken ill. The Naval Station sends an ambulance for you. But at the end of your furlough—when you don't officially check back through the gate—those in charge there mark you AWOL. Later they send your mother a letter of apology when they find you in the hospital—but in the meantime, the Chief of Police in Winnetka and the Shore Patrol in Chicago have been notified. Your mother's at work and the SP's do a thorough job of searching the apartment, not, however, without some opposition from the janitor and his wife, who are devoted to you. The Shore Patrol comb the closets, look under the beds and in every cranny, until your friends can stand it no longer. "Where did you expect to find Roy—in the icebox?" they ask.

In 1945, you're a long way from Winnetka Seaman 1st Class Roy Fitzgerald. You've seen service as an aviation mechanic in Guam and Australia and you're now stationed in the Samoan Islands.

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You've just been transferred from fighters to B-29 bombers, and you have a little trouble with one of the big planes—

"Big trouble, Ralph. This was my first experience checking out multi-engine bombers and getting them flight-ready. Nobody had told me not to rev up two motors on the same side first. The plane jumped and completely demolished a Piper Cub on the field. For this I was transferred again—to the laundry. . . ."

In June you send your mother $40 for a new dress and request her to send a dozen red roses to Nancy for her graduation. She sends some long-stemmed beauties, but your next letter says, "Mom, you sent the roses to the wrong Nancy. That's what I get for not telling you everything."

1945 just isn't your year. You're stationed in the Philippines when you get a letter from the right Nancy informing you she's in love with somebody else. You feel pretty dejected and rejected. Slowly you turn the envelope to look at the date, then at the three-cent stamp. Now your pride is *really* hurt. You answer it immediately, saying: "The least you could have done was tell me air mail."

The months roll on, Roy—it's 1946—and you're out of the Navy and back in Winnetka getting on your feet again, literally, as a substitute mail carrier. One customer—your mother—doesn't get all of her mail. When she calls business houses asking why they haven't billed her, she gets the same answer—"Your boy took care of it." You've paid the bills and never mentioned it. On the other hand you "collect" from one of the ladies on your route, a family friend, Mrs. Augdahl—

"Roy was the cutest mailman we ever had, Ralph—and also the hungriest. I always had doughnuts and coffee waiting for him. I've known Roy for years. When he was a little fellow he was our paper boy. When Roy and his mother came back to Winnetka a couple of years ago, they stayed at our house and really put it on the map, in a matter of speaking. My granddaughters, Betty and Sharon Rottler, are great fans of Rock's. They insisted on giving up their bedroom to him. Ever since then, visitors have filed through to see the bed Rock Hudson slept in—"

It's still 1947 and your name is still Roy Fitzgerald. You pass the Civil Service exam with a 96 rating. You plan to be a full-fledged mail carrier but your mother is transferred by the telephone company to Pasadena, and hoping to get into University of Southern California on the GI Bill, you head west—into the sun. . . .

There are still dark and discouraging days ahead of you—

You can't get into the university, so you're driving a truck now for the Budget Pack Company, making $60 a week and sharing quarters with three truckers in an old family hotel near Westlake Park. Often you detour and pick up your mother to keep you company on the long route to markets surrounding Los Angeles. One day the chief operator puts through an "important" call to her. You're bringing over somebody for her to meet when she gets off work, you say. Your mother can't wait, envisioning no doubt the little wife-to-be.

"Mom, I want you to meet Lizzie," you beam. Lizzie is a 1933 black Ford coupe with yellow wheels. . . .

Yes, having your own car is a proud day, but driving a truck isn't the way you meant to travel through life. Not for that kid who watched Jon Hall dive into lagoons and daydreamed of making a name for himself in movies some day. You're not even a name. You're a trucker's button with a number on it. This isn't the big challenge, however necessary a chore, or the rewarding harvest that your grandmother talked about. Your only challenge

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around today's next corner is a stop sign. Here you are now—living next door to that kid's daydreams. Others have made it. Why not you? Just one thing holds you back right now—where do you begin?

You begin by borrowing $24 and having some portraits made. Somebody says Producer Sol Lesser, who headquarters at Selznick-International Studio, is looking for prospective *Tarzans.* On your next delivery to Culver City you park the truck and take the photographs in. On the advice of the switchboard girl, you leave them for Henry Willson, vice-president in charge of talent for the studio . . . and your agent today. Tell us, Henry, what impressed you—

"That magic indefinable spark, Ralph. The special twinkle a boy or girl has—or does not have—that makes them screen material and which you recognize immediately. Also, in Rock's case, his physical appearance, his basic honesty and obvious enthusiasm. . . ."

During the weeks to come—whenever you have a delivery in this direction—you park your truck on a side street, then study with Lester Luther, Selznick-International's drama coach. You pass famous faces on the lot—Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple—but in your dungarees, blue shirt and trucker's button they mistake you for a studio laborer. David Selznick doesn't want to sign you. Walter Wanger isn't interested in you. Nor are others. But now you're determined and you quit your truck-driving job to devote full time to the dream. . . .

It's 1948 now. Your name is Rock Hudson, and Director Raoul Walsh gives you a screen test and a bit part in "Fighter Squadron" at Warners. The test is a sexy scene with Janis Paige for "Colorado Territory" and it's good—so good that U-I later signs you on the strength of it. But Joel McCrea gets the part. You have one line in "Fighter Squadron" (pretty soon you're going to get a bigger blackboard), and you fluff it over and over. But it's your line, you're doing something as an individual—not just a cog in a machine.

Two people believe in you—and they back up that faith. Director Raoul Walsh puts you under personal contract for $125 a week for 40 weeks. Together, Walsh and Henry Willson invest $9,000 in you, grooming you for a movie career. What sold you, Raoul Walsh?

"Rock's looks, his sincerity and his naturalness. He's a very natural actor. I figured the boy really had it. I had two more years to go at Warners and I didn't want to hold him back. U-I made a deal, and we thought he'd get a break there. I'd brought him to the attention of John Ford, Hal Wallis and others, but they weren't interested. 'They all make mistakes, Kid,' I told him. 'Don't worry. We'll make it—' But Rock wasn't too discouraged, anyway. He had a great philosophical outlook. He could take the good with the bad."

It's 1949. You sign with U-I—and you call your grandmother Scherer who's now living in Mobile, Alabama, to give her the good news. "Save your money, Roy." she says. "You're making $150 a week—"

The months roll by—and the cameras roll with them. This is a strange and exciting new world. You get a few lines as a detective in one picture and portray a GI in the next. Gradually your roles begin to build. You see your first legitimate plays. You visit glittering bistros along the Sunset Strip—a long way removed from the Limehouse Tavern and the "New Trior Hop." You have a serious romance with a glamorous motion-picture star—but Vera-Ellen's $1,500 a week seems beyond your financial sphere. . . .

In February, 1950, you draw a Western, "Winchester '73," and you draw, too. You can stay on the horse—but you can't make your ten-gallon hat stay on. The camera rolls, you ride and your hat falls. In that order. Finally you've spoiled one too many takes. Then you hear a merry infectious laugh. The whole company joins in, the tension is broken and the shot secured. The laugh belongs to a radiant blond, the script girl, Betty Abbott, whose merry laughter and companionship will mean more to you in the days to be. . . .

Your faith—cornerstoned on an Illinois farm—is tested many times. You're thrown by a horse and wrapped around a telephone pole with minor injuries. You're stricken with appendicitis in the middle of a swashbuckling scene. You attract accidents—but you recuperate quickly. Your toughest fight is self-doubt, spawned by years of having had to try too hard, of living too long on little more than philosophy. You fear that you will never be good enough in your job. Never be the actor you want to be. For you know now, Rock Hudson, that this really is your life. . . .

And there are breaks, too, that come out of the blue—

In 1951—you get your best part to date when the studio needs a tall actor to play Jeff Chandler's prize-ring opponent in "The Iron Man."

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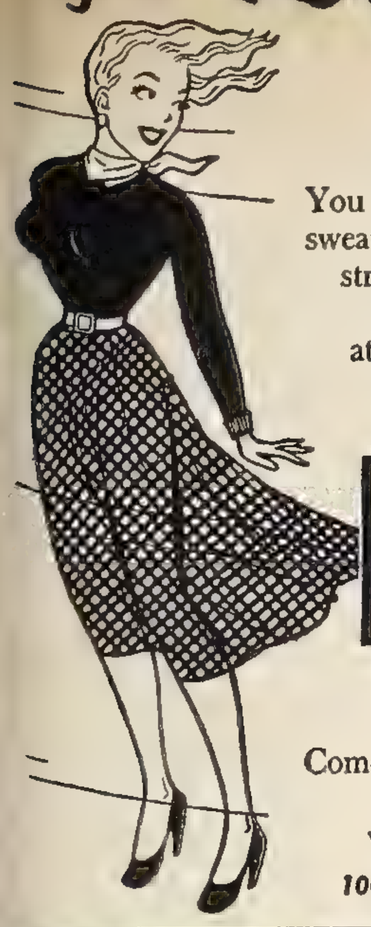
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"No, I couldn't. And the following night I went back to see my public and make sure. I stood out in front of the theatre for some time. I was wearing blue jeans—there were no lights, no red carpet, no trimmings—and not a single soul recognized me. I felt pretty deflated for a few minutes. Then the humor of it struck home and I broke up—"

Modesty will get you nowhere, Rock—and everywhere. Julia Adams knows—

"Yes, I was there, Ralph. We've worked in four pictures together and they were fun. Emotions seem to come right out of Rock. That's because he's so intrinsically real. Reality comes right out of him. And he'll never change. I'll never forget when we made 'The Lawless Breed'—how patient and helpful he was with Race Gentry. It was Race's first time before the camera and Rock kept reassuring him—'You should have seen me my first day—Brother!' When I mentioned giving up my house for an apartment recently, Rock offered to help me move. I'd forgotten all about it when moving day came—but Rock hadn't. He was right there. He worked like a stevedore loading and unloading all day. And believe me—such assistance is rare from any popular leading man. I'm so happy for Rock now. It's wonderful when you see somebody go up and up—somebody so deserving and who can handle success so well. . . ."

By 1952 you're going from picture to picture—without even time for a haircut. In September you're in London, co-starring with Yvonne DeCarlo and directed by Raoul Walsh. You're invited to a Royal Command Performance, and you—Roy Fitzgerald, the Winnetka flash—are presented to the Queen. If the cats back at Cooley's Cupboard—could see you now. . . .

Your star keeps rising and 1953 is your most memorable year. You're the idol of bobby-soxers everywhere. You've traveled across town from $60 a week to fame in four figures. Your fan mail has zoomed to 3500 a month. You're at the top of the nation's fan magazine polls. You've weathered your baptism of fire—in 21 films. But your darkest hour is still to come. . . .

You're up for the pivotal part in Lloyd Douglas' inspirational story "Magnificent Obsession." But every important male star is trying for the role. If you get it—success would shoot you to dramatic stardom. But failure could banish you to the Indian reservation from now on.

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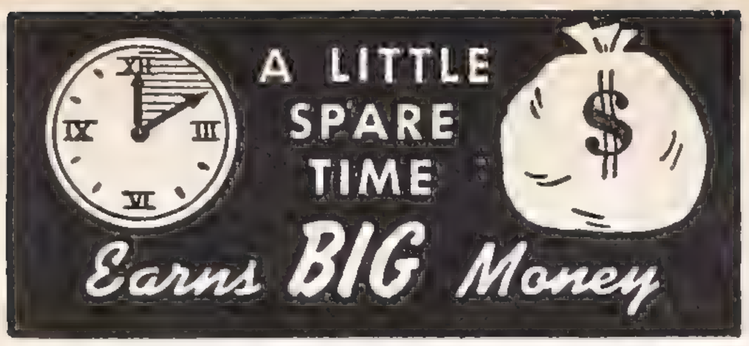
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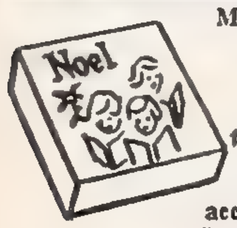
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You age two years this night, Rock Hudson. During the long, wakeful hours that dawn, your grandmother's trust seems far away. You remember your mother's words of comfort to a sensitive little boy, when she taught you The Lord's Prayer. "You will be surprised, Roy, what it will do." Only you and the Guy upstairs know tonight—how hard you are praying. . . .

On September 24, at Lake Arrowhead, the camera rolls on "Magnificent Obsession." You have the cast off your shoulder and those first scenes involve running and being dragged out of the lake—physical scenes. Somehow you get through. Betty Abbott knows how uncomfortable those first days are for you—

"They were pretty rough, Ralph. Being around water isn't too good for any fresh injury. During one shot on the beach, Rock leaned on his arm. When the scene was over he couldn't move his arm or his elbow. That night a big lump welled up. He was afraid he might be paralyzed and not be able to finish the picture. At first he was concerned, too, about what he could contribute to a cast feeling like that. Rock's a great artist at heart. He's highly emotional and sensitive to the reactions of other people. At the premiere of 'Magnificent Obsession,' dear old Rock was counting the coughs in the audience. If anybody coughed he was sure they didn't like the picture. Finally he noted they were coughing *between* the scenes, he felt better—"

For you, Rock Hudson, "Magnificent Obsession" determines whether you have what it takes. Whether you belong here.

You're grateful when such established stars as Jane Wyman, Agnes Moorehead and Otto Kruger welcome you from the first day with open arms. According to Otto you had no cause for worry—

"That was the marvelous thing about him, Ralph. From the first day, Rock had both hands out all the time—wide open—for any suggestions or advice. He had a terrific problem and he knew it. It's that kind of part. I remember when Bob Taylor came into my dressing room years ago and tossed me the script, saying, 'Pop—look at this. Look what I've got to do. I can't do it—' All you have to do now is show any actor the script of 'Magnificent Obsession' and tell him, 'You're going to play this part'—Rock's part—and he'll die. And Rock really played it. It's a wonderful thrill for an older actor to see a young one, someone who's struggled through cowboy and Indian things, get into a real thing like this and then lick it completely. I couldn't pick out a flaw—"

It's January 11, 1954. "Magnificent Obsession" is sneak previewed at the Encino Theatre in San Fernando Valley for the first public reaction to the picture. The word has gotten around. There in the darkness many are pulling for you. Yours are suspended emotions. The next two hours will decide the rest of your life—

When the lights go on, you make your way in a daze through the crowd. Your eyes are filled with tears, but you don't want anyone to see. This is a moment too sacred to be shared. You go out into the dark parking lot among the cars back of the theatre, to get over the first emotional impact. For the first time, you realize that Roy Fitzgerald of Winnetka, Illinois, may actually be somebody. That your dream can be reality. This is your life—

The word spreads over Hollywood like wild fire—a new dramatic star has been born. Director Douglas Sirk won't take the credit for the delivery.

"I had a great conviction from the first that Rock was right for this part—and he lived up to my expectations. He gave a wonderful performance in depth, warmth and honesty. But that camera has an X-ray eye. It's a case of *being* the part, too. If the ability and feeling isn't there already inside, no director on earth can get it out."

Take Jane Wyman's word too—

"He's a young man to assume so mature a part. Rock has a wonderful depth and a fine dramatic knowledge of things. Let's face it—the man couldn't do it if he didn't have it. . . ."

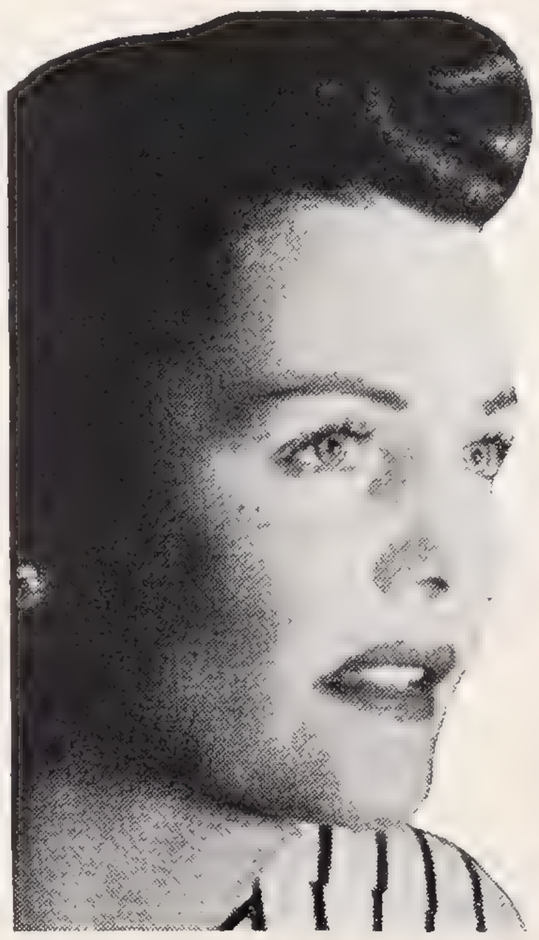
You have it all right, Rock Hudson. Deep inside. You can bless now all the things that have happened to you, that have mellowed you through the milestones of your 28 years. . . .

On April 19, among blazing klieg lights, excited fans and a brilliant throng of stars and critics, "Magnificent Obsession" is premiered and within minutes, the whole world is to know the victory that is now yours. This is your triumphant hour. Here beside you are two who belong in that hour. One is Betty Abbott. The other, standing with pride in her eyes for the whole world to see, is the person who shared in so many milestones along the way—"I want you all to meet my mother—"

Near in your heart is another—your grandmother—who fostered the faith that today's dawn finally would come. . . .

For you, Rock Hudson, the harvest is here.

THE END



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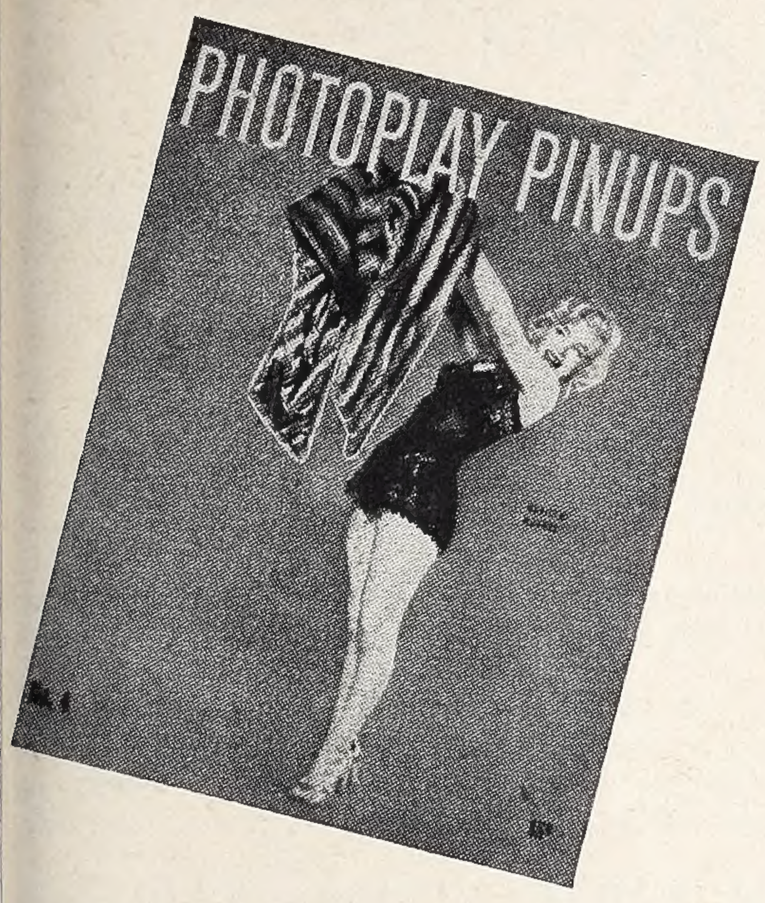
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Hollywood Party Line

(*Continued from page 25*)

and dinner were held in the Rheingold Brewery here; Ann Blyth, Ty Power, Angela Lansbury, Richard Anderson, the Edmund Purdoms, the Dennis Days were just a few of the many "student" stein-raisers on hand . . . Then there was Donald O'Connor's party for his TV associates. Don took over the Rodeo Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel and jammed it. Late stayers got a great free show put on by Don, his pal, Sidney Miller, Ethel Merman and others. Joan Crawford was wearing a bright green cocktail dress; and Yvonne de Carlo sported unusual jewelry she'd bought herself in Europe . . . Few eves later, the Crawford tossed a shindig at the same hotel for sportswear tycoon, David Haft. In the big crowd was Gloria De Haven, who wound up holding hands with Milt Rackmil, who used to rush Joan. Gloria also "caught up with" guest-of-honor Haft, whom she used to date before she married Marty Kimmel, whom she's now divorcing. Are you still with me?

And then there was the party Jimmy McHugh gave for Eddie Fisher, heralding his opening at the Cocoanut Grove. Debbie Reynolds was there, looking very grown up, Vera-Ellen (a standout in high-necked silk and white lace), Pier Angeli and Anna Maria Alberghetti, Ethel Merman, Danny Thomas, Jane Wyman and the Mickey Rooneys.

Now for the big preem of the month, meaning "The High and the Mighty." It brought forth the old-time glamour on Hollywood Blvd., with celebs galore streaming past the Egyptian theatre's blazing lights, and massive floral decorations. John Wayne and co-producer Bob Fellows hosted stars for their TV and radio appearances in the foyer. Among the first to arrive was Terry Moore, in a white net, ballerina-length gown, and fluffy white fox stole, on the arm of Robert Stack. Not far behind were Wanda Hendrix with Bob's brother Jim—who soon after announcing their engagement were married. Also a rather subdued Betty Hutton was with Alan Livingston, Vera-Ellen (in a bouffant pale blue gown sprinkled with star-shaped brilliants) was with Richard Gully; Eva Gabor (who started dating Guy Madison a few days later) was with Bundy Solt. Also glimpsed: Jane Wyman in red taffeta and dark mink stole, June Haver and Fred MacMurray, Pier Angeli with Bob Neal, Hugh Marlowe and K. T. Stevens, the Pat O'Briens, the Ronald Reagans, the David Brians, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, Pat Wymore (leaving the next day to join Errol Flynn abroad), Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton, the Louis B. Mayers, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas, Claire Trevor and Wilton Bren, Shelley Winters with Carlos Thompson (!), Richard Anderson with Jack Warner's pretty sprig, Barbara, and Susan Cabot with Cliff Brown—and miwyons more!

June Haver's gown was low-cut, halter-necked white crepe with a tricky all-over beaded design, topped by long white mink stole. There were many other lovely ensembles worth describing but none more charming than that of tiny Pilar Palette, whose dark beauty was set off by pale blue satin, even more flattering to brunettes than to blonds, I've always thought. The way John Wayne sopped up Pilar's "color-scheme" gave people a ringing in their ears. Wedding bells!

THE END



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BRIEF REVIEWS



For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 28.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.

✓✓ ABOUT MRS. LESLIE—Wallis, Paramount: Shirley Booth's charm and superb acting sustain a rambling love story in which she recalls her affair with a married man (Bob Ryan). (A) August

✓✓✓✓ ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE—U.A., Pathecolor: Dan O'Herlihy is the famous castaway in a strong, completely believable version of the desert-island tale. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ APACHE—U.A., Technicolor: As a proud Indian warrior who won't accept defeat with the rest of his tribe, Burt Lancaster's a realistic, unglamorized figure. So is Jean Peters as the girl sharing his outlaw life. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT—U.A.: Enchanting French film (titles in English), mixing slapstick and sense. Gerard Philipe, a poor young composer, dreams he's a big success in bygone times, wooing Gina Lollobrigida. (F) June

✓✓✓ BLACK HORSE CANYON—U-I, Technicolor: Joel McCrea, Race Gentry, Mari Blanchard pursue a splendid wild stallion in an ingratiating, light Western. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ CAINE MUTINY, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Good acting gives power to the filmed best-seller. Van Johnson, goaded by Fred MacMurray, leads the mutiny against the psychotic Navy captain (Humphrey Bogart). (F) August

✓✓ COWBOY, THE—Lippert, Eastman Color: Modest, often fascinating documentary showing how the West has changed, how two young modern cowboys really live and work. (F) July

✓✓✓ DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Spectacular but less inspirational sequel to "The Robe." Victor Mature is tempted by wicked empress Susan Hayward into forswearing Christianity. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ DIAL M FOR MURDER—Warners; 3-D, WarnerColor: Suave, taut tale of suspense. Ray Milland plots the murder of his rich wife (Grace Kelly); plans go excitingly awry. (F) August

✓✓ DIAMOND WIZARD, THE (formerly "The Diamond")—U.A.: Thriller made in England. Dennis O'Keefe and Margaret Sheridan oppose a gang that's robbed the U. S. Treasury to finance the manufacturing of fake diamonds. (F) August

✓✓ DRUMS ACROSS THE RIVER—U-I, Technicolor: Rapid-fire Western. Audie Murphy and his dad (Walter Brennan) fight to keep gold-mad gunmen from goading Indians to war. (F) July

✓✓✓ ELEPHANT WALK—Paramount, Technicolor: In a flamboyant drama, Liz Taylor's the bewildered bride of Ceylon tea-planter Peter Finch. With exotic locales and Dana Andrews. (F) May

✓✓ FIREMAN SAVE MY CHILD—U-I: Hugh O'Brian and Buddy Hackett do an Abbott-Costello in a headlong bit of slapstick. Spike Jones and crew also play zany firemen. (F) July

✓✓✓ FLAME AND THE FLESH—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lana Turner does a nice job as a sleazy Italian temptress who wrecks Pier Angeli's romance with singer Carlos Thompson. (A) August

✓✓ GORILLA AT LARGE—20th; 3-D, Technicolor: Lively chiller with a carnival locale. Several murders involve aerialist Anne Bancroft and barker Cameron Mitchell with cops. (F) July

✓✓ HELL BELOW ZERO—Columbia, Technicolor: Against authentic backgrounds of today's whalers in the Antarctic, Alan Ladd investigates the death of Joan Tetzel's dad. (F) July

✓✓ GOG—U.A.; 3-D, Eastman Color: Science-fiction with interesting gadgets, uninteresting characters. Richard Egan investigates strange deaths in a space-research lab. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ HIGH AND THE MIGHTY, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Gripping story of aviation. Pilots John Wayne, Bob Stack fight to get a crippled trans-Pacific plane to land. Passengers' reactions vary vividly. (F) August

✓✓✓ INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (A) May

✓✓✓ JOHNNY DARK—U-I, Technicolor: Lively yarn of sports-car racing. Aided by Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis designs a striking new-model car, races it himself. (F) August

✓✓ JOHNNY GUITAR—Republic, Trucolor: Joan Crawford's the dashing, gun-toting heroine of a wildly off-beat Western. Sterling Hayden helps her defend her gambling house. (F) August

✓✓ LONG WAIT, THE—U.A.: Gruesome, gory Spillane mystery. Amnesia victim Anthony Quinn, accused of murder, tangles with racketeer Gene Evans and four alluring girls. (A) June

✓✓ LUCKY ME—Warners; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Doris Day's warmth carries this musical. A show-girl stranded in Florida, she romances with song-writer Robert Cummings. (F) July

✓✓ MAKE HASTE TO LIVE—Republic: Slender suspense thriller. Dorothy McGuire's past (her husband, Steve McNally, ex-convict) threatens her respectable, romantic future. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ MAN WITH A MILLION—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Gay yet malicious whimsy. Gregory Peck, a Yank in London of 1900, is taken for a millionaire, lives high—on credit. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY—M-G-M, Ansco Color: Van Johnson, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn score in a splendid, near-documentary film about jet bombers over Korea and the men who fly them. (F) August

✓✓ MIAMI STORY, THE—Columbia: Racket-busting yarn, long on thrills, short on plausibility. Ex-gangster Barry Sullivan is hired to smash the mob ruling Miami. (F) July

✓✓ PLAYGIRL—U-I: Shelley Winters scores with a wisecracking, emoting role in a lurid expose of big-city night life. Colleen Miller's the sweet girl who goes wrong. (A) July

✓✓ PRISONER OF WAR—M-G-M: Shallow study of American reactions to atrocities in North Korea. Ronald Reagan's an Intelligence officer; Dewey Martin, a "progressive." (A) July

✓✓✓✓ RIVER OF NO RETURN—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Lusty adventure tale. The Canadian Rockies overshadow even Marilyn Monroe, a dance-hall gal going downriver on a hazardous raft voyage with Bob Mitchum. (F) July

✓✓ SARACEN BLADE, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Over-plotted swashbuckler about intrigue in Italy and the Crusades. Ricardo Montalban is out to avenge his murdered family. (F) July

✓✓ SECRET OF THE INCAS—Paramount, Technicolor: Charlton Heston's an unscrupulous adventurer on a standard treasure hunt. Colorful Peruvian locales, native music. (F) August

✓✓ SILVER LODE—RKO, Technicolor: Western with both thrills and substance. Accused of murder by Dan Duryea, John Payne sees timid townspeople turning against him. (F) August

✓✓✓ STUDENT PRINCE, THE—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Ansco Color: Sweet old-fashioned operetta. Prince Edmund Purdom is humanized by university life, falls for barmaid Ann Blyth. Lanza's singing is dubbed in. (F) August

✓✓ TANGANYIKA—U-I, Technicolor: With Ruth Roman and Howard Duff, Van Heflin tracks down a crazed jungle dictator (Jeff Morrow) who has stirred an African tribe to war. (F) August

✓✓✓ THEM!—Warners: Smooth science-fiction. G-man Jim Arness, scientist Joan Weldon battle monster ants (A-bomb mutants). (F) July

✓✓✓✓ THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: Lovely Italian travelogue plus neatly worked-out triple romance. Maggie McNamara snares prince Louis Jourdan; Jean Peters loves penniless Rossano Brazzi; Dorothy McGuire yearns for Clifton Webb, snobbish expatriate novelist. (F) August

✓✓✓ WITNESS TO MURDER—U.A.: Ingenious suspense movie. Barbara Stanwyck sees neighbor George Sanders commit a murder, reports it—then can't get the police to believe she isn't a neurotic, subject to delusions. (F) June



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